

No. 3



CDC 35c

CAMPUS HUMOR

**SAUCY SATIRE
GIRLY GAGS**



DK

"When I say I want the car tonight, Pop
— I mean I want the car!"

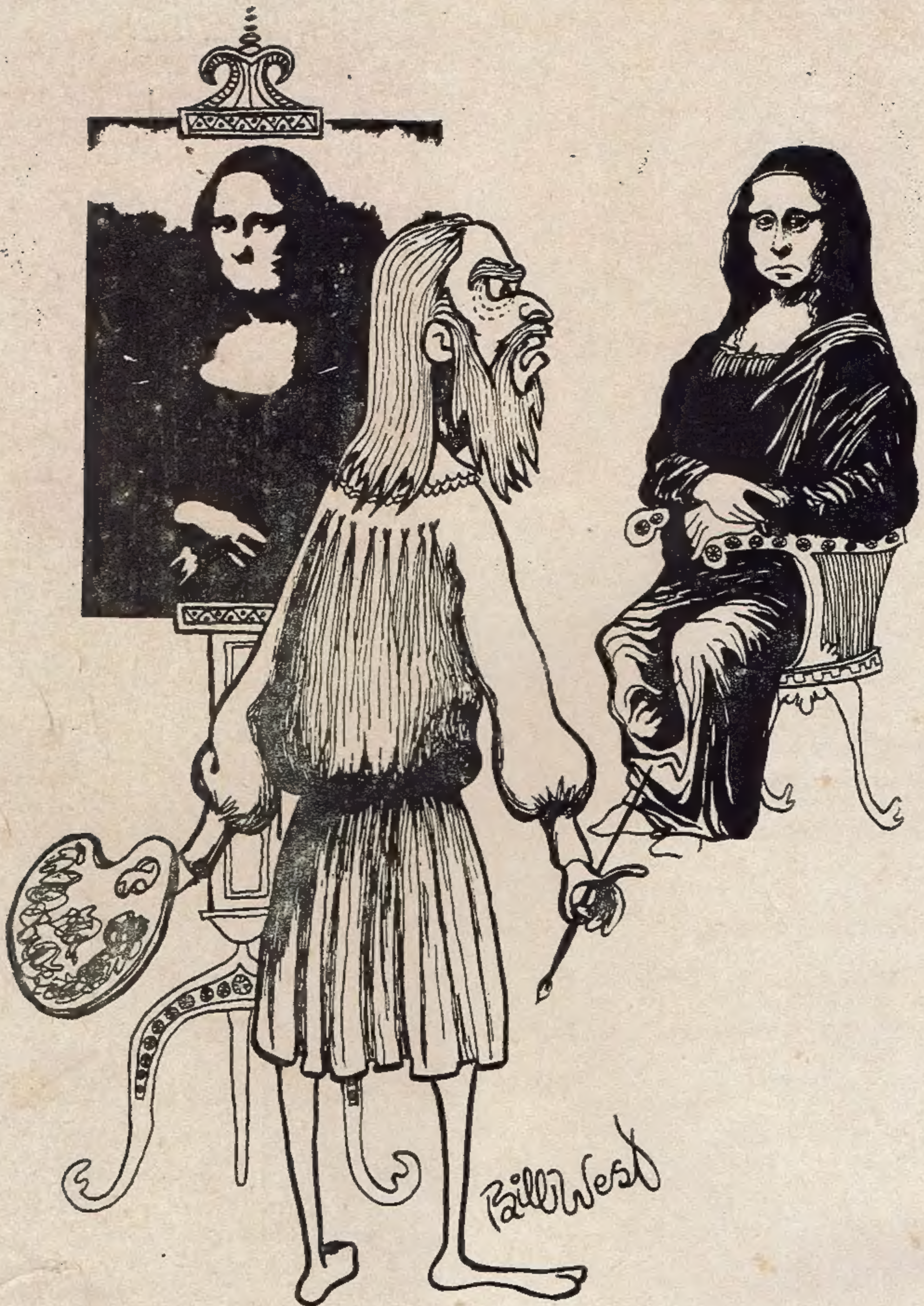


RANGER

BILL
HOEY

"Don't be subversive, Charlie."

**FARCE FICTION
JESTY JOKES**



"Dammit, Woman! Aren't there any jokes you haven't already heard?"

TEXAS RANGER

CAMPUS HUMOR Published quarterly by Humor Magazines, Inc. Office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Application for entry as Second Class Matter pending at Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy only 35c. Subscription \$1.40 yearly. Vol 1, No. 3, Winter, 1957. By Humor Magazines, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited material.

CAMPUS HUMOR

CONTENTS

My Fair Aggie	Page 4
So What's New?	Page 8
King	Page 12
Variation on a Mood	Page 18
Inferno Revisited	Page 22
Why Johnny Can't Study	Page 28
The Old Man and the Seizure	Page 32
Famous Quotations	Page 34
That There City Girl	Page 38
The Smartest Gun Alive	Page 42
The Parable of the Old Turkey	Page 46
How to Begin a Short Story	Page 50
Death Takes a Bath	Page 54
Angela	Page 59
The Dirty Window	Page 62
Poets Cornered	Page 64

★ ★ ★

Paste Pot and Scissors

Plied by

Jack O'Brien



— Lampoon



Hutch

HUTCH

Tiger



— Tiger

My Fair Aggie

Hermann Vermin

presents

a new musical

MY FAIR AGGIE

adapted from Erskine Caldwell's *Pigmalion*, or *An American Tragedy*

Book and Lyrics by
Ailing Learner

Music by
Allswell B. Low

Production staged by

Hoss Mart

Cast, in order of their disappearance:

Luke Doolittle	Hairy Rexall
Fredya Eynsford-Hill	Julie E. Andrews Dorm
Cadet Col. Pickering	Bertold Brecht
Elvis Doolittle	Handy Stowaway
Hank Higgins	Peter Arno

ACT. I.

Scene 1: (U.T. Campus, The Orange Building, lit with Main Lights. Enter Prof. Hank Higgins, who has been working late in his office on the subject of "Colloquial Vocals of the Local Yokel." Prof. Higgins is a linguistics teacher. He spies Luke Doolittle center stage right. Luke assumes the Aggie Position.)

Higgins: "You, sir, do you go to school?"

Luke: "Whuduya tuk me fo'? A tomfool?"

Higgins: "Nobody says 'tuk' instead of take." (He breaks out into a rash of song):

"Look at him, a prisoner of the barracks.

Condemned by every syllable he utters.

By rights, he should be taken out of town
For the cold-blooded murder of the Texan
tongue.

It's 'gun-waddin' and 'S.O.S.' that keeps
him in this wretched place,

Not his uniform and dirty face."

(Enter Cadet Col. Pickering)

Pickering: "I'll wager that you can't make this mess of khaki speak in the cultured tones of Texans true. You see, the problem's not in phonetics, but genetics."

Higgins: "Five will get you ten I can, and so you will remember just how bad his 'lingo' was, I'll have him recite for you."

(claps his hands)

Luke: "Lot of sow-belly for me to eat;

Lots of cornpone, lots of meat,

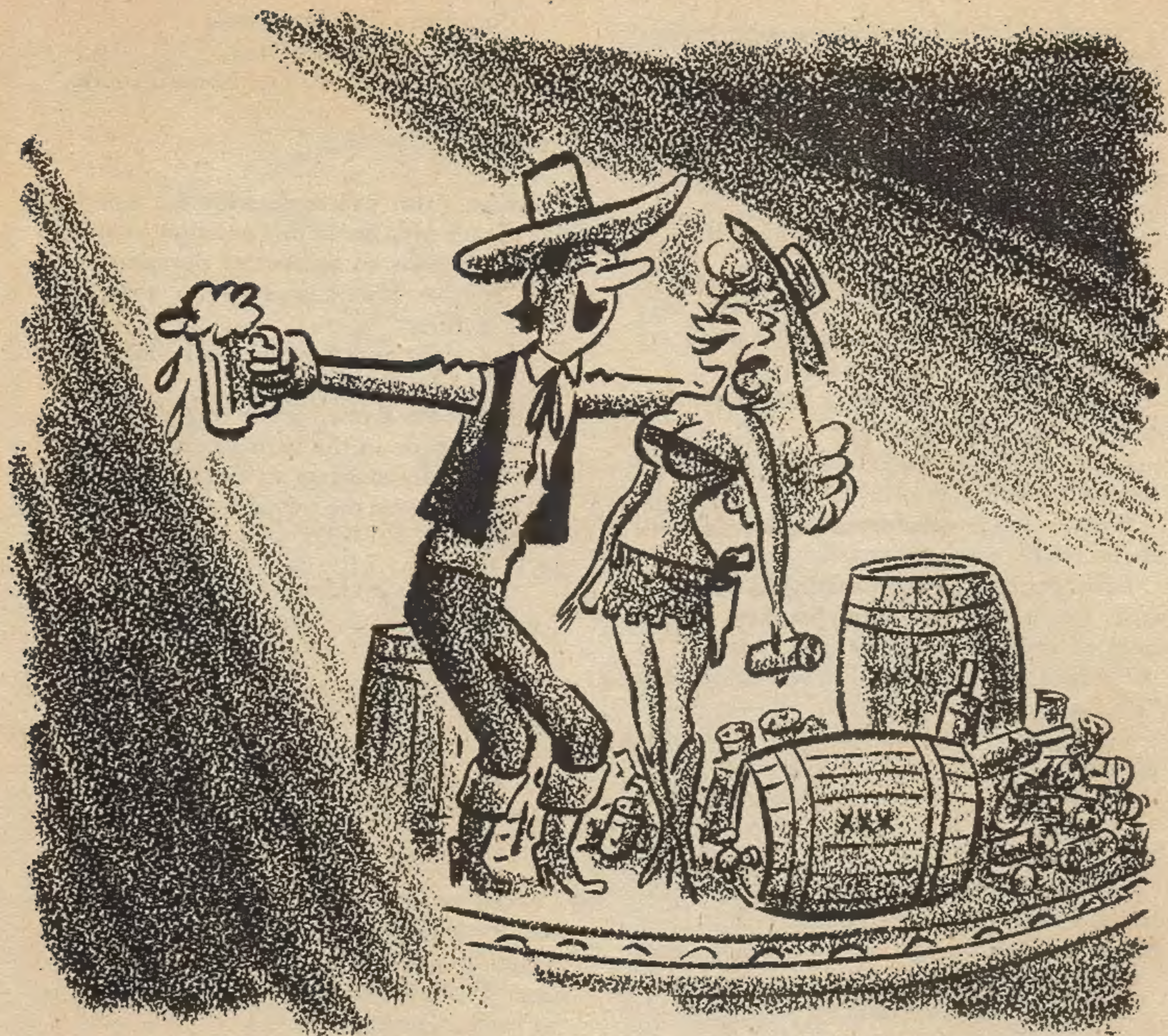
With no shoes to hurt my feet.

That there'd be purty neat —"

ACT II.

Scene 1: (Prof. Higgins' office after several weeks of extensive voice coaching)

Higgins: "Luke, can't you see how much progress you've made just listening to this



recording of Deacon Andy Griffith?"

Luke: "Hullabaloo Kaneck Kaneck — but ah thunk it war J. Frank Dobie."

Higgins: "Let me hear your phonetics drill."

Luke: "Hup — toop — uh — threep! Hup — toop — threep."

Higgins: "No! No! the one about the blooming cow!"

Luke: "Duh — oh! Ah knows! Brown cows know how to rouse the drousing plow-boys. — Gosh all fish hooks — They shore does, tew!"

Higgins: "Just the exercise, Luke, just the exercise. Again."

Luke: "Brown cows know how to rouse the drousing plow-boys."

Higgins (to Cadet Col. Pickering): "I think he's got it! I think he's got it!"

(to Luke): Again! Just once again!

Luke (singing): "Brown cows know how to rouse the drousing plow-boys."

Higgins (ecstatically beating hell out of

Cadet Col. Pickering): "By George, he's got it! By George, he's got it!"

Luke (singing): "The Rain in Spain is great for raising maize."

Higgins (to Cadet Col. Pickering, who is busily gathering up his teeth): "E's even making them up now! By George, by gad, Hoo-Ha! Ole, Viva, Bravo, et cetera — et cetera — et cetera for the balding king of Siam. Arriba!"

(to Luke): "Splendid, Luke, you're now ready for your first beer bust."

Luke (cowering): "With goirls?"

Higgins: "Certainly with girls."

Luke: "Shecks. Ah'm afeared ov wimmin."

Higgins (assuringly): You have nothing to fear but beer itself. Fredya Eynsford-Hill is the finest product of UT art." (Hands him blue book) "Just read this dialogue I've written and you can easily pass for a UT man."

Scene 2: (Where if beer were water there'd be a flood.)

Higgins: "Luke, I want you to meet Fredya Eynsford-Hill."

Luke (reciting): "Charmed, I is — uh — am sure. Shall we dance?"

Fredya: "Aren't you in the wrong musical? But, in answer to your question, Hell no! Let's get loaded and neck, though not necessarily in that order."

Luke (to Higgins): "Whadda I do now?"

Higgins (spewing beer on Cadet Col. Pickering): "Keep her loaded and don't say a blooming thing about A & M."

Fredya (having overheard Higgins): "A & M? Are you an Aggie?"

Luke (reading): "Is not the ratio of women to men in Denton 3 to 1:57?"

Fredya: "Eh? — (silence) — A & M! Ha, ha, ha, ha, et cetera ad hysterium."

Luke (puzzled; still reading): "Is is not true that there are approximately 18,000 cases of beer sold per week in Austin?"

Fredya (rolling in the middle of the floor): "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha — etc."

Luke (desperately to Higgins): "Wh-wh-wh-whut Ah dew now?"

Fredya (licking the beer off Luke's face): "An Aggie! An A & M Aggie, yet already! Ha, ha, ha, ha — Moo!"

Luke (overcome with the emotion that floods over him at this nostalgic sound, he breaks into an anthem of joy): "Why, thet thar sounds just like good old Naobi Ruth back on thuh farm

And them big brown eyes ov yorn,
And thuh way yo' licked mah face jèst now,

Jest like old Naobi Ruth.

And thar's wun doggoned purty caow,
tew, you ken bet on that as sho' es
Ah live and dew deecclare!"

I could have plowed all right,
I could have plowed all night,
And still have time to milk.
I could have spread manure,
And slopped the hogs for sure.
And still been pure as silk."

Elvis Q. Doolittle (entering under a cloud of blow-flies): "Stop! Stop! Wimmins air no damn good. Come back tew thuh farm, Son. Higher edeekashun ken go tew hell. You know our philosophy:

"The Lord above made heifers for temptation

To see if man could turn away from goirls.

The Lord above made heifers for temptation,

But, with a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
Someone else'll do the gol-durn chores."

Scene 3:

Fredya (also overcome with the emotion that floods over her at this nostalgic moment, she breaks into an anthem of devotion):

"I have always walked on two feet before,

But right now I wish that I could have at least two more,

If I were a cow, or an Aggie's sow,

I could be in the barn where he lives!"

(she hurriedly staggers to right stage front and retches down the tympani player's collar)

ACT III

Scene 1.016

Higgins: "Luke, you goofed, but not so badly that we can't fix things before the Round-Up Ball. And, you know, that's not until next week — so, let's go have a beer, or maybe two beers, until Scene 1." (Quick Exit)

Scene 2: (Round-Up Ball. Enter two men, with a moustache followed by the entire cast including standees and the owner of claim check 452936583847 who thought he was in the hamburger line.)

(They dance.)

(They drink.)

(They sing.)

(They drink.)

(They make love.)

(They drink.)

Higgins: "(Hic!) By George, Pickering. 'E's making an ass out of 'imself just like everybody else! 'E's arrived!"

Pickering and Higgins (together): "They've grown accustomed to his face." (They hurriedly stagger to right stage front and retch down Fredya Eynsford-Hill's collar. The tympani player laughs.)

Fredya: "Luke, you're an ex-Aggie, a new UT man! Aren't you thrilled?"

Luke (smiling so broadly that the wheat straw falls from his mouth): "Wal, yup, Ah giss Ah is. Hyuk, hyuk."

Fredya: "My god, here we go again."

(curtain)

— Ranger

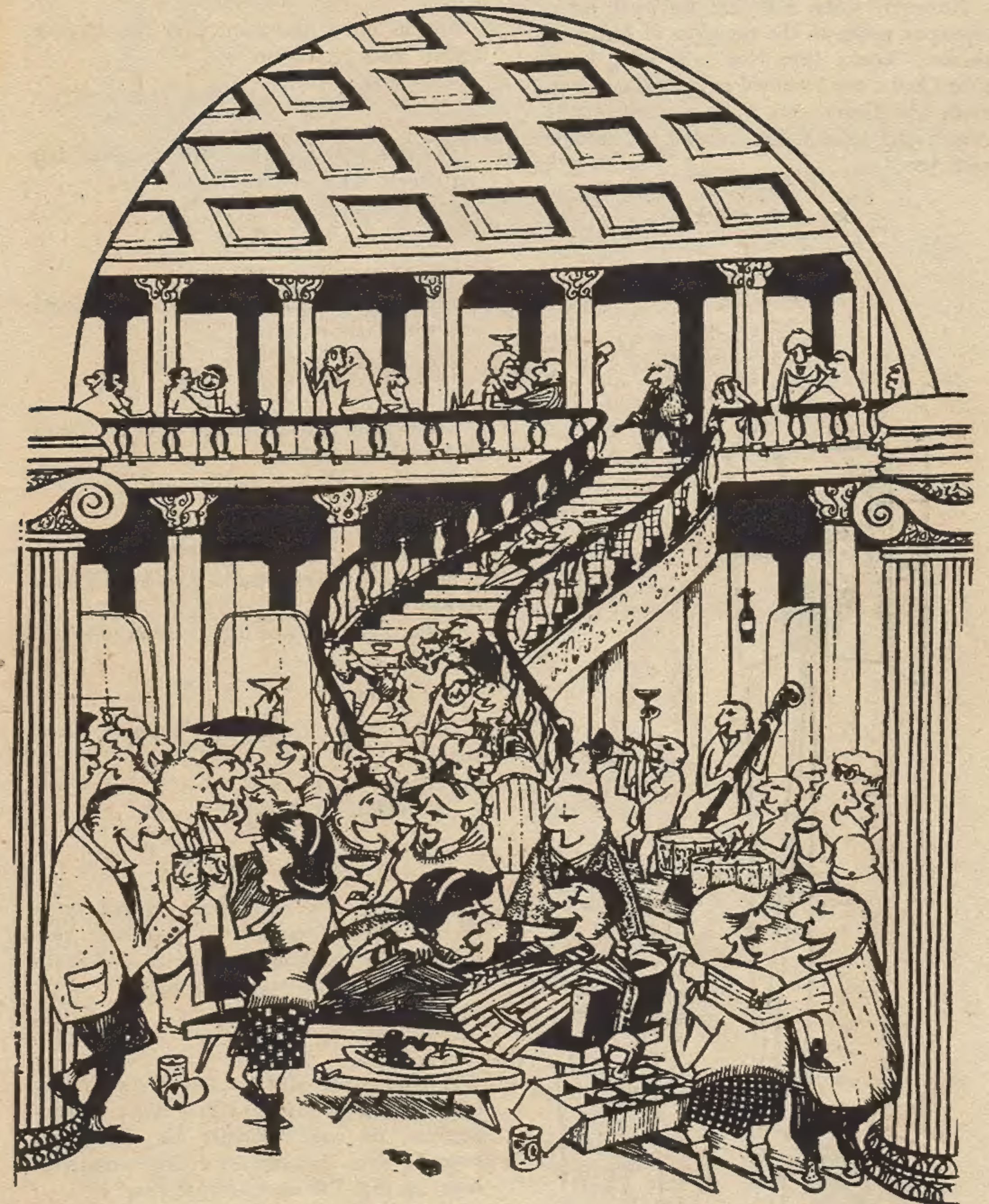


"She doesn't know I had one way glass installed!"

So what's new?



Year 1



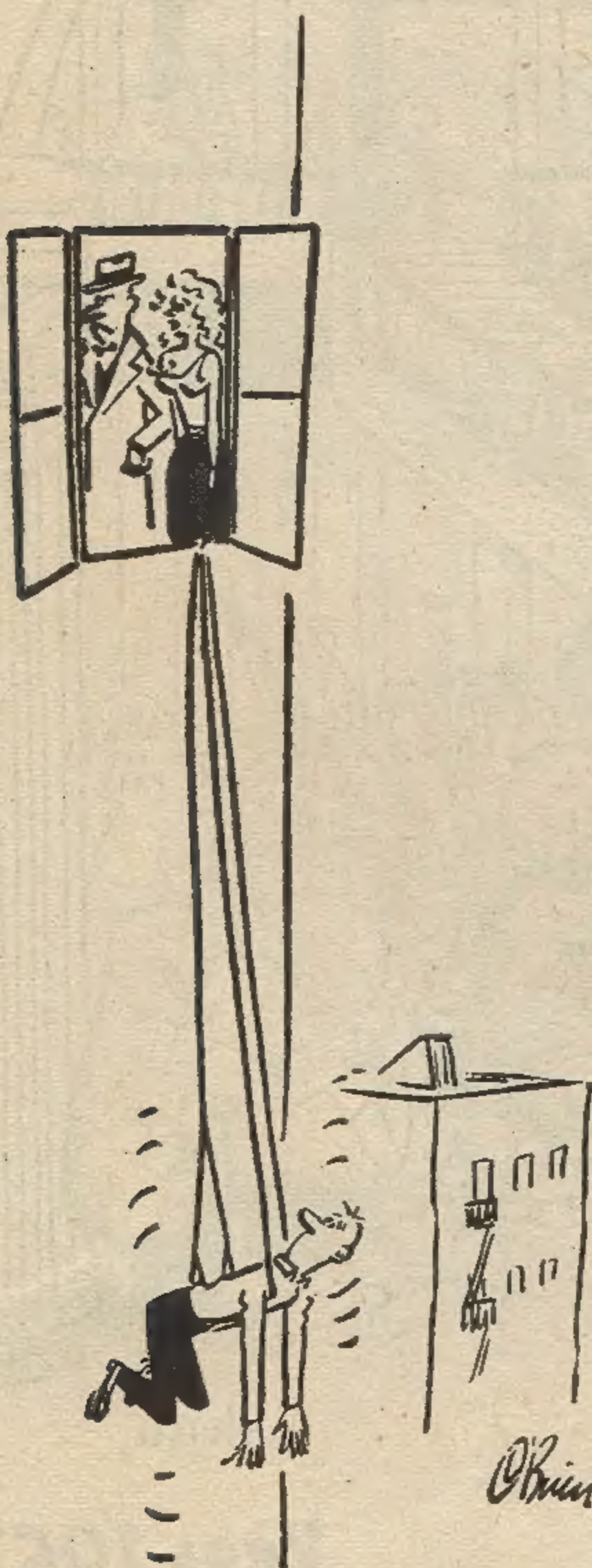
HUTCH

Year 1957,

Giuseppe was delighted when his wife had a son. "Gonna give him plain American name," "Gonna call him Tom, justa plain Tom." But the birth certificate came back as Thomas and Giuseppe let it go as that.

However, when his next son was born, Giuseppe spoke to the registrar of births in person. "Looka here, you," he said, Lasta time I had a boy I wanted to name Tom. You made him Thom—AS. Thisa one's gonna be named Jack, and I don't wanna no trouble with you."

★ ★ ★



One day, James Whistler came home and found his mother scrubbing the floor.

"You're off your rocker," he said.

★ ★ ★

Slogan on a restaurant near the Hoover Dam: "Best by a Dam Site."

★ ★ ★

She was only the plumber's daughter, but her cheeks were always flushed.

★ ★ ★

"Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

"Bring me the Bible, stupid, and I'll show you who Hamlet was."

★ ★ ★

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted."

★ ★ ★

Sigma Nu: What would you say if I were to kiss you?

Susie: I wouldn't be in a position to speak.

★ ★ ★

"Give me your telephone number, Gretchen."

"99999."

"All right, then. don't."

★ ★ ★

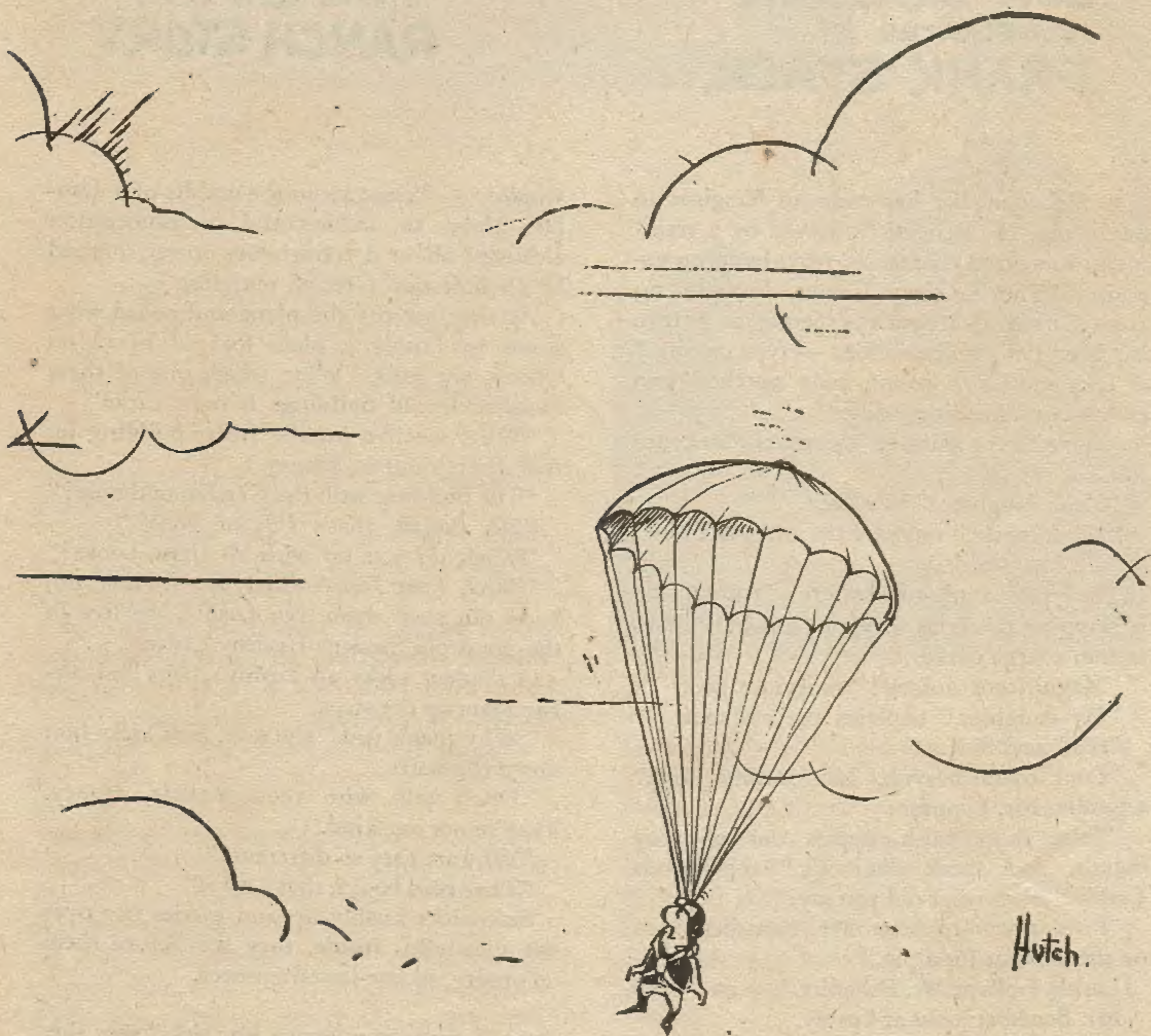
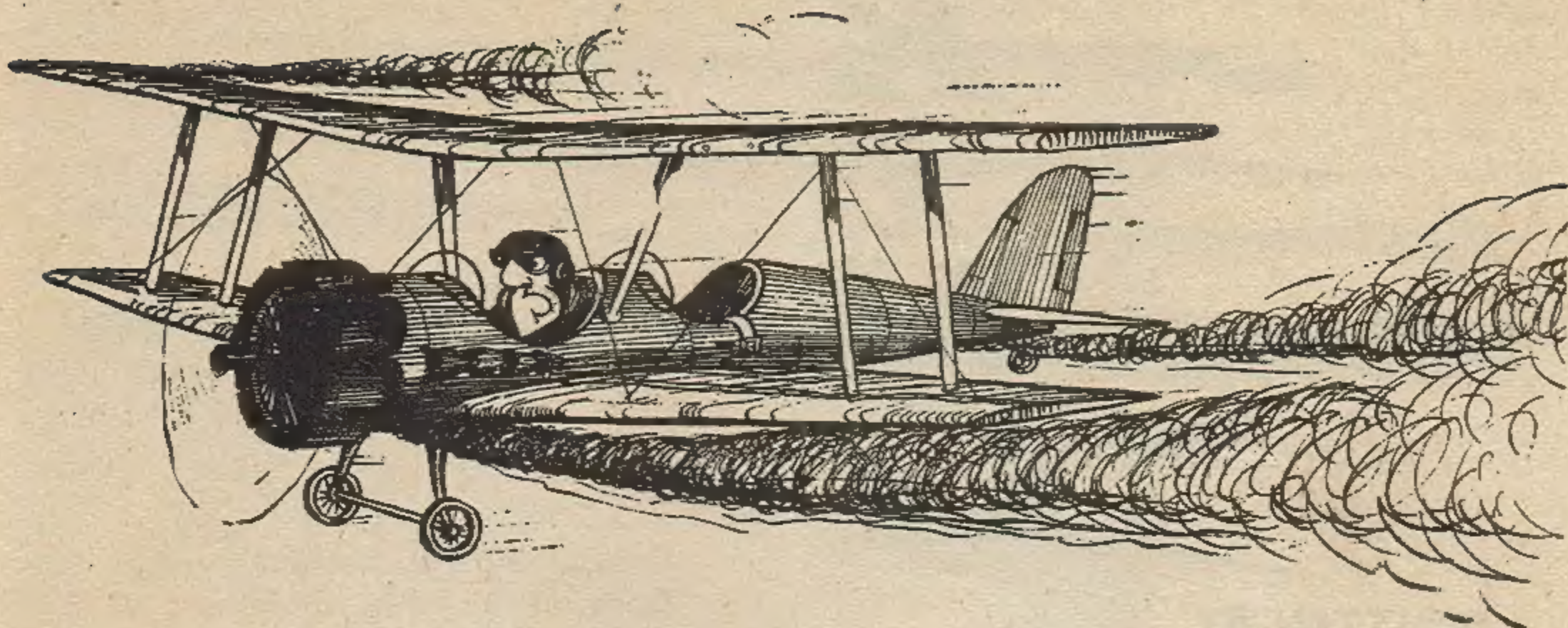
Warning to a man about to sail on a round-the-world cruise: "If you have anything to do with those beauties in the South Pacific, be sure to boil them first."

★ ★

A bore cornered John Drew, the famous actor, and kept saying, "You don't remember me, do you?" Finally Mr. Drew answered, "No. But say something wonderful now, so that I'll never forget you."

★ ★ ★

A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.



"Hang on, Metcalf, I'm taking her in."

K I N G

WRITTEN BY

JON BRACKER

ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANK STACK

THE GIANT RANCH STORY

1. Sick Benedict has come to Virginia to buy a pig. He is being followed by a train-load of assorted characters. Mrs. Lynnton explains, "They're circus freaks, brought up from Saratoga, at great expense, as extras. It's Miss Edna Foibuh's idea — type casting."

They notice a young lady perched precariously on her side-saddle.

"Magnificent animal!" murmurs Mr. Lynnton.

"Your daughter?" asks Sick.

"My mistress," answers the old man.

"Oh," says Sick.

They pass a pig-pen where a young lady is slopping the hogs, paying particular attention to a large porker.

"Magnificent animal!" murmurs Sick.

"My daughter," explains the old man.

"Oh," says Sick.

"Cum ovuh heayuh, Miz Lushly hon'," wheedles Mr. Lynnton.

"Take those hush-puppies out of your mouth, and speak distinctly," reprimands Lushly. "Now what did you say?"

"I want you to meet Mr. Benedict. He's on the lookout for a pig."

Lushly looks at Mr. Benedict.

Mr. Benedict looks at Lushly.

"I'm Lushly," says the girl.

"I'm Sick," says Mr. Benedict.

2. The newlyweds see from their plane

window — Texas: set in the middle of a desolate plain, an architectural conglomeration clustered about a tremendous tower, topped by an imitation Grecian outhouse —

As they get off the plane and board what seems to Lushly a plain loaf of bread on wheels, she asks, "Why, which one of these ramshackle old buildings is ours, Sick?"

"Why, we live on the finest building on this desert campus, Honey."

"The building with the Grecian outhouse?"

"No, Sugah, that's full of books."

"What do you do with all those books?"

"Why, keep 'em locked up, so that nobody can steal them. No Lushly, we live in the good old Student Healthy Center . . ."

A student picks up Lushly's bags and carries them up the steps.

"Why thank you," she says. Sick kicks him down the stairs.

"Don't talk with those people, Honey. They're not our kind."

"Why are they so different?"

"They read books, that's why!"

Sick picks Lushly up and carries her over the threshold. Inside, they see before them an ornery, square-jawed spinster.

3. "I thought someone was sick," says she.

"I am Sick Benedict, and I own this place,"

Sick yells.

"I've been expecting you for weeks. Your



room is at the end of that hall, and Lushly's is at the other end."

"She's my wife!" Sick objects.

"Yes, she has been with you for two weeks and you're Sick. She's on quarantine!"

"But!..." interjects Lushly.

"Sorry, we don't give any butt interjections today."

4. Two weeks later, Lushly and Sick go to dinner at the Commons.

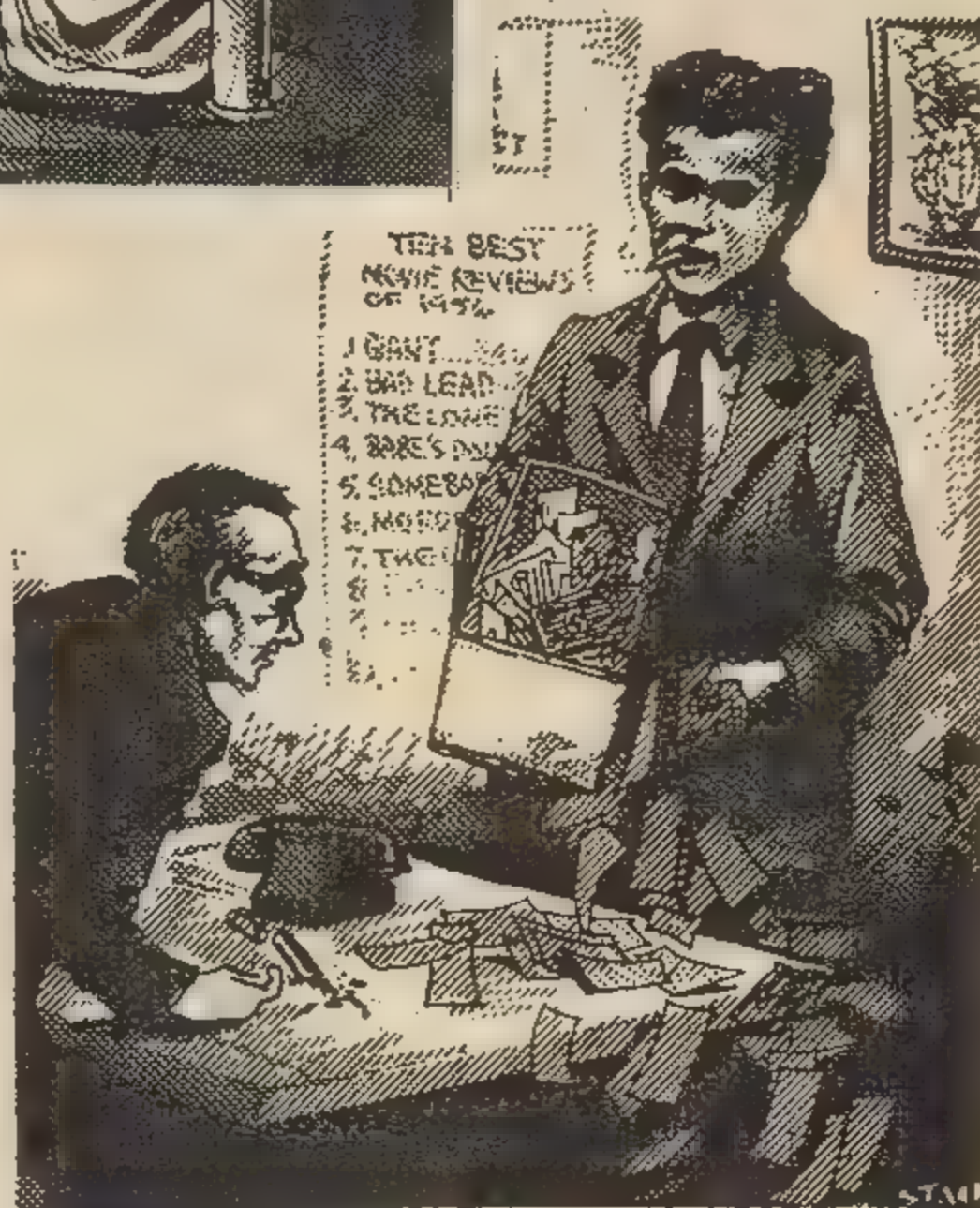
"Well, I hope that..." she begins. Looking down at the food on her plate, she shrieks and faints.

In another two weeks she wakes up in solitary confinement in the Healthy Student Center.

"Everybody lissen!" Lushly yells, sitting up in bed, "I am never going to faint again. I'm never going to eat at the Commons again."

The doctors are about to operate on Lushly's stomach when Sick rushes in and stops them. Lushly, thoroughly confused by now, demands an explanation — of everything.

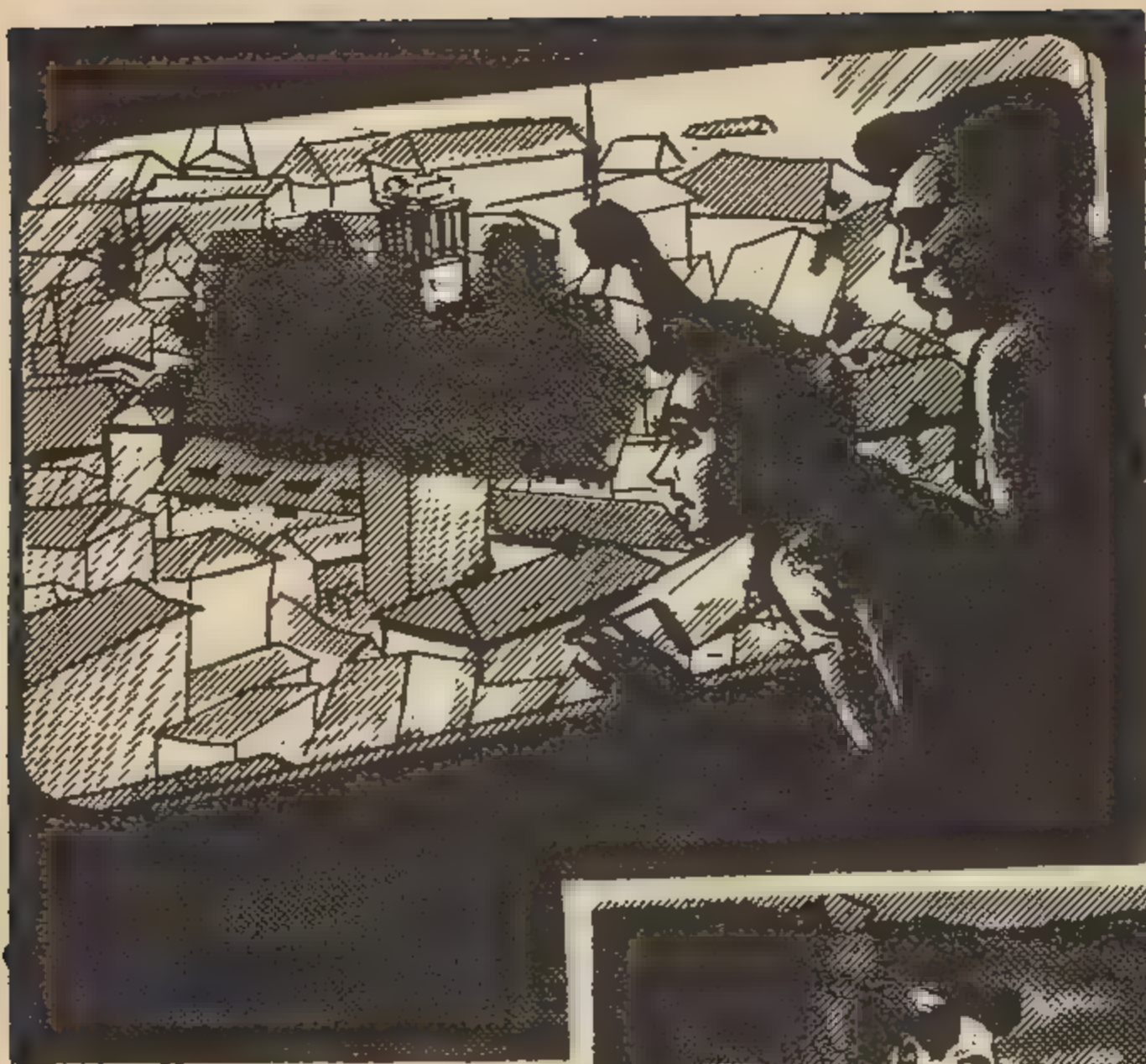
"Well," Sick replies. "My father was a rancher. His father was a rancher, and his father was a rancher before him. I got tired of all that bull and decided there was time for a change. I decided to make something of myself. I had always hated horses and used to play with doctor sets since I was five months old. My real decision though



dates from a fall from a Shetland pony. However, my mother had a long talk with me and I resolved to become a doctor instead. Also, I have always felt sorry for people who were, like me, Sick. Since I broke out from under my father's tyranny, I became a doctor, bought the Healthy Student Center, and my son's gonna be a doctor and his son, and all their sons're gonna be doctors for ever and ever."

"Oh, what can I say," Lushly squeals. "You're a Rock."

5. Rhett Rink is a botany major from Martha (incorrectly pronounced Marfa by people



who lisp or just don't give a damn), who works part time in the Healthy Student Center. He drops cigarette ashes on the floor, hot-roads around in the ambulance and causes trouble. One day he is planting marijuana in the window boxes when Lushly asks him. "Where are all the people around here?"

"They are searching for knowledge," he replies.

"Where?"

"Oh, at visual aid centers like the Varsity, Texas, and State theaters."

"Then this would be a splendid time to

see their dwelling-places wouldn't it?"

"Yes," Rhett replies, and he takes her to the student section. He waits outside, unable to bear the stench, as Lushly enters a room.

A young student is lying on her crumpled pallet, a wet outline series page plastered to her feverish forehead. A pile of blank Blue Books prop up her swollen leg, which is in a crude cast formed from old exams and term papers wadded together with a mixture of No-Doz tablets dissolved in old, cold coffee.

The patient's roommate explains, "She has a disease. Got it from being too social."

"Oh!" cries Lushly, "this is a scandal!"

She returns to Rhett, who waits outside "Oh," she snorts, "it's just a scandal!"

"Whatta you mean 'scandal'? A lot of people have colds." They leave.

6. Rhett Rink is an individualist, a fourth year freshman, and president of the local chapter of the I Phelta The fraternity. The fraternity grows marijuana in its window boxes. The university officials do not know about this, but the officials find out about this, when the University of Mexico complains that Rhett Rink was gutting the market and the officials are unhappy. As J. Sneed Friml, official spokesman, said, "They should have reported it to us. We got such a thing as price controls at this school."

Rhett Rink is called to the office of the president. Rhett is very nice to the president and offers him a lot of money. The president scowls at the money. When Rhett asks him what he is going to do with all that money, he puts the money in his pocket and expels Rhett Rink. Rhett sues the university for damages to his pride and the court settles with him by giving him the flower bed in front of the Union. Rhett soon finds that the flower bed is very good for raising marijuana. He sets up a stand and becomes very prosperous. In a few short years he owns marijuana stands all over the desert.

7. Rhett Rink corners the market on money, and the whole state throws a party for him. But Rhett finds out that he has all the money in the state and that the other people can't pay for the party. The cost of spilled gin alone will put him in debt two million dollars. He tells the state to go to hell and sinks into the oblivion of his wine cellar. Everyone goes back to buying their merchandise from the University of Mexico. The University buys back its flower bed and again plants pansies in front of the Union.

Sick is crushed, and besides, he can't stand the smell in the Student Healthy Center, so he goes down to a Griddle System establishment on the Drag. They slide into a booth. Sick orders.

"Virginia, we want four Sissyburgers and one Cheeseburger."

The waitress, a friendly soul, replies, "We don't serve Cheeseburgers here."

"What do you mean, you don't serve Cheeseburgers here? Don't you know who I am? I'm a big man around here. Lushly, tell

her who I am. Modesty compels me . . ."

Lushly explains, "He's Sick . . ."

The waitress responds, "Then he should go to the Student Healthy Center. Maybe there they serve Cheeseburgers. Here we don't serve Cheeseburgers. Whatsa matter, you can't read the sign, already?"

The Benedicts look at the sign: "We reserve the right not to serve cheeseburgers." They look at each other, sigh, and leave, walking out as the jukebox plays "Love Me Tender."

Sick and Lushly have scores of children. "They're all going to go to school," Sick beams, "and they'll all become doctors, and they an take over the Healthy Center and Seton and Brackenridge and Galveston, and then all their kids will be doctors, and pretty soon all the doctors in the whole state will be Benedicts."

"All the children want to be ranchers, Sick," Lushly says, "except Little Lush who wants to be the Lone Ranger, and Sick Benedict XVI who wants to write a biography of Edna Ferber."

Sick is shaken up. "They'll all starve to death. They can't all be ranchers." So Sick and the children compromise and the Healthy Student Center is turned into a veterinary office.

Sick and Lushly retire to the den, where they reminisce. Lushly combs silver strands among the gold, and Sick paints crows feet around his eyes as they chant in unison, "Well, all in all, it's been a good movie. Not exactly what we expected, but then ~~these~~ things never turn out exactly as we ~~plan~~."

They sing the Eyes of Texas and fall to the ground, stone drunk.

— Ranger



MISSOURI
SHOWME

"Hey, bartender! My beer has a fly in it!"

Freshman girl — That fellow is a fraternity man.

2nd F.G. — How do you know?

1st F.G. — He answered to four names in class this morning.

★ ★ ★

Then there was the Scotchman who bought only one spur. He figured if one side of the horse went, the other was sure to follow.

★ ★ ★

A Latin American, describing his country to his English host, mentioned that their most popular sport was bullfighting.

"Isn't it revolting?" the young lady of the house observed.

"No," replied the Latin, "that is our second most popular sport."

★ ★ ★

One thing about baldness — it's neat.

★ ★ ★

In England the sailors must be pretty small. I read the other day that one fell asleep on his watch.

★ ★ ★

Passing a cemetery in the wee small hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for caretaker." The drunk did just that, and pretty soon, a bleary eyed little man came to the door.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."

"I feel a little chilly, Joe. Will you run inside and get me Jack Brown?"

★ ★ ★

G. B. Shaw once said to a very attractive tennis partner, "With girls like you, tennis should be played in high grass and without a net."

★ ★ ★

Soph: How did you like Venice?

Frosh: Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded

★ ★ ★

Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, and then when you see what the other fellow has got you wish you had taken that

★ ★ ★

Two anarchists drew lots to assassinate a certain royal personage. With bombs in hands they waited behind a bush by the road where His Excellency passed every day at noon. The anarchists became impatient as the hours passed and Count von Wadley didn't appear. Finally one whispered. "I can't understand it. The Count passes here every day at noon . . . I hope nothing has happened to him."

★ ★ ★

Law Prof (at registration): "So you are a pre-legal, eh?"

Student: "Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family."





"Oh, Reginald, I do hope they remember to brush their teeth afterwards. Otherwise we'll have utterly failed."

★ ★ ★

The little girl in the upper berth was told that God would watch over her. All was quiet on the train. Then:

"Mama."

"Yes, dear?"

"Are you there?"

"Yes, go to sleep."

This continued for some while until a passenger lost patience and growled, "We're all here — your father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and friends. All here. Now go to sleep!"

Pause.

"Mama, was that God?"

★ ★

A prof commented about a student, "He's got a mind like a blotter. He soaks up everything, but he gets it all backwards."

It was high moon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!"

The congregation turned, among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and, said "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

★ ★ ★

An American soldier goes into a London restaurant and sits down at a table. After a few moments, a good looking filly jaunts over to him and lays down a menu on the table.

"What's good today?" says the soldier.

"Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice and roast."

"Baby, you sure roll your r's."

"Yea, maybe it's because of the high heels I'm wearing."



She was very drunk.

I sat half on, half off the plastic stool, my back to the bar watching her. She was huddled in the corner of a large semi-circular booth, thoughtfully making rings on the table with her glass. Periodically, she paused to push strands of hair from her face. My eyes from habit focused carefully on a spot just to the left of her so I wouldn't be directly staring. And then I started the game.

You see, from nine to three every night I blow my brains out with a trumpet in a hole in the wall on Bourbon St. . . . the kind of place tourists hit by accident. I stand and look in the darkness where light beams rays into quiet irises of cosmopolitanism and I am sorry. I try to shutter my eyes by tilting my head, but it isn't that easy. My music is just reaching the edge of their foreheads. And by the time I get through, as much as I'd like to throw myself down the equally damning rathole of sleep, I'm so nervous I have to stop by Torterich's Bar on Ponchartrain on my way home to deaden the pain. I sit here, drinking a last one and watching the people. I let my mind fasten itself on the sandy-eyed present and the show goes on.

Once it was a couple trying to dance. The man was obviously against the whole thing, but the girl kept moving around on the floor, forcing him to move, too. Even when the jukebox was feeling for records, she kept it up — shuffling, swaying, spraddling. And

Variation

On A

Mood



with each changing tempo, they danced in the same way, she just moving, he jogging to a beat something like a square dance. There was no synchronization, like they had just passed each other by accident and happened to clasp hands as a different melody swung through individual minds.

Last night it was a habitual alcoholic, his head rolling to the rhythm he made by cupping his outstretched hands around his drink and moving it in patterns on the bar. He was making the only drink he could afford last as long as possible by playing with it. He would keep his eyes on it constantly, tipping it one way, then the other. He would stop, then, and stare at it. Finally he would take a drink. In a way, he was making love . . . first the byplay, then the climax . . . rushing in a torrent of sweetness and sorrow that groped until the fingers spread and closed into the flower of a fist.

But now it was the girl. I wondered if she was waiting for someone. At 4 a.m.? I guess not. I'd seen a lot like her . . . I'd be lost in a variation on a mood song and suddenly I'd see someone in the audience who felt it, too. Usually a woman, usually drunk. She'd be completely apart from her group, slipped through the sound into a silver stare, just listening. I'd play to her for awhile, then forget myself again.

This one was typical — hair swept sveltely back on *one* side, hugging her face on the

other. Her green cocktail dress fitted closely all the way down to just above her knees, then flared to reveal crossed legs almost invisibly stockings. If she had been standing her shoes would have made her three inches taller.

I guess I'd been watching her about twenty minutes when she noticed me. She had raised the glass, tipping it to drink, had unveiled her eyes. God! They were green, green. No, it wasn't just the dress. They really were green.

I half-way smiled. Automatically she turned away, then just as automatically looked back. She didn't smile, she only looked.

I sat there for a minute. Then, deliberately, I turned to the bar. I wanted her to work at it. I could see her face in the mirror, still expressionless, resuming her ritual with the glass. Okay, okay, I said to myself, angry for believing I was desirable enough to make her do something obvious to attract me. I whirled from the stool.

"Hi," I said. She didn't look up. I slid in on the opposite side of the semi-circle. Then her eyes (green green green) lifted and I could feel even in the seeming apathy something rising.

"Well," I whispered.

"Oh, what the hell," she said in a tired voice, "Let's go."

Showme — Laurel Eastland

Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny that shaped their ends. Modern girls put their faith in girdles.

★ ★ ★

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and eloquently cried out:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!!

His bride gazed at the water for a moment, then in hushed tones gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man. It's doing it!"

★ ★ ★

Slew Morgan, an Aggie senior, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so Fish Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in some bushes.

"Gettin' dark," the fish ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Suh."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hongry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

★ ★ ★

Zeta: Don't you know that drinking will ruin your stomach?"

Sigma Nu: So what, I always keep my coat buttoned.

A man was trying to locate a friend named George Sexhauer who was employed in a distant city. So he called the plant, got the office girl on the phone and asked, "Do you have a Sexhauer there?"

"Heavens, no!" the gal replied. "We don't even have a coffee break"

★ ★ ★

The lad from College Station had been courting Maggie — his one and only from TSCW — for nigh on to two years, but he never did bring himself to declaring his intentions.

One evening, when the two were sitting in silence, Maggie murmured: "A penny for your thoughts, Waldo."

"Well," said Waldo with surprising boldness. "I just happened to be thinking how nice it would be if you were to give me a kiss."

"That's a new line," simpered Maggie, and she moved over and pecked at Waldo's left ear. Then she moved back.

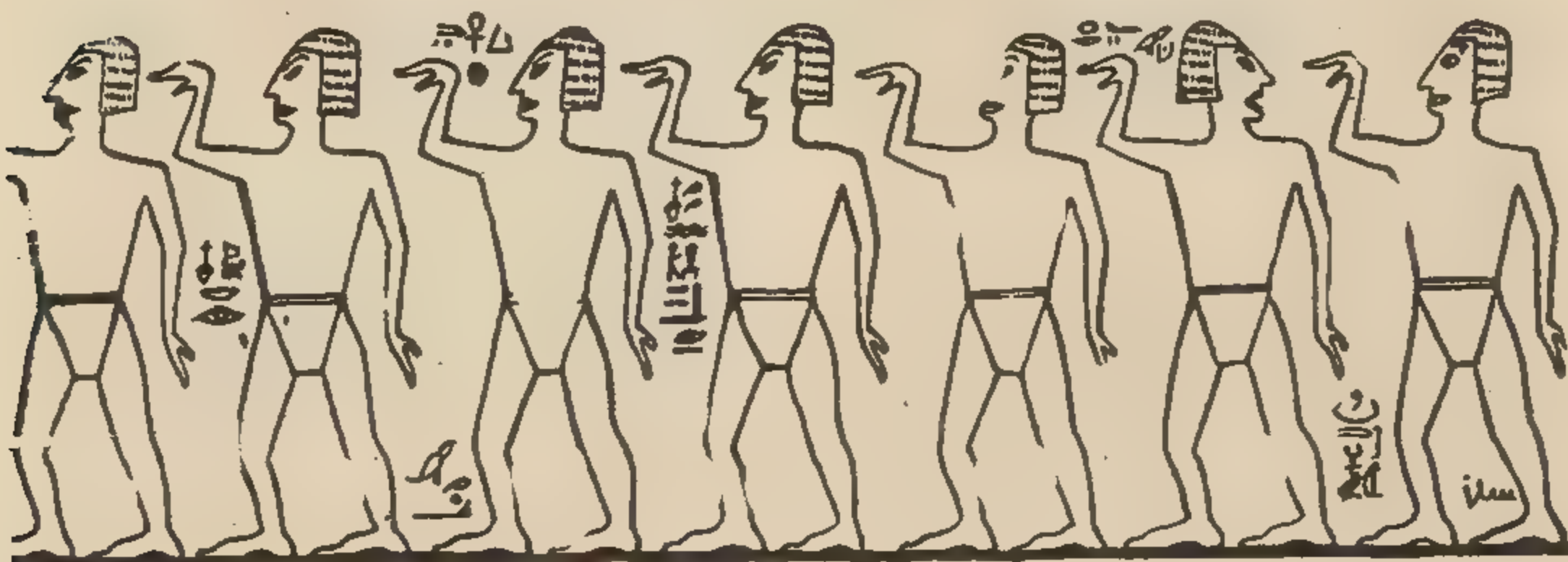
Waldo relapsed back into a brown study, and the clock screamed out several minutes of loud tñ

At last Maggie ventured out again: "What are you thinking about now? Maybe another kiss?"

"Nope. It's something more important than that."

"Is it, Waldo?" asked Maggie sottly, her heart beating rapidly with anticipation. "What could it be?"

"I was just thinking it was about time you paid me that penny."



"Next time, let's get reservations."



"I was voted most likely to!"

A great length of time has passed since Dante made his famous tour of the infernal regions that prelude the actual entrance into Hell. Obviously, a lot of changes have come about in those dark and terrible chambers because of the great technical and scientific strides made during the last century. Heaven, of course, remains unchanged, since it has always been a place of perfection.

These ideas were foremost in my mind during my last trip to Italy, that marvelous country where every wine shop offers a direct entrance to Hell. You don't have to search for the door as Dante did.

I chanced to make my entrance into the upper regions of the Inferno by following an underground passage which was filled with lousy brandy elegantly bottled for American tourists. In this toasting mood I came upon the brink of a great precipice. It was vaulted over by a gathered cloud of steam and smoke that snaked listlessly from the smouldering regions below.

While studying this unique vista, I noticed a wan and red-haired figure approaching me from below. I thought, "This must be Virgil!" although my excitement was rather dilute since I had envisioned a more formidable appearance for that great Roman poet who once guided Dante on his tour....

"Salve!" he called and waved at me.

"Oh, please don't speak Latin," I begged, trying to remember what Professor Reinmuth had said about declining amicus. The only thing I could ever decline was Latin. "Can't you speak English?" I countered.

He gave me a withering look of disgust. "Are you British?" he said, narrowing his eyes to a slant of distrust.

"No. I'm from Texas."

"Texas!" He roared in an epileptic fit of laughter. Regaining his composure, and seeing the look of dismay I gave him, he added, "Really, if you're from Texas, you won't see anything new down here in Hell."

I was immediately furious. "Now listen here, by God, you just be —"

"Yes, you are from Texas. I understand they all speak of God in the most familiar terms."

"Well anyway, as a Texas man I never expected Virgil was a scrawny redheaded thing like you." The brandy was giving me courage.

"Virgil? Virgil? Oh, you mean Dante's old buddy. No, I'm not Virgil. He got kicked upstairs — because the object of such literary adulation that all the college Latin teachers up in Heaven demanded that he be brought up there for their higher study."

This both surprised and confused me because I had hoped to recreate Dante's tour and write it up for The Daily Texan, which badly needs some hot articles these days. "Well, if you're not Virgil, who in Hell are you?"

"Swinburne. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

This was amazing. "The Swinburne?"

"My good man, is there another?"

"How did you wind up down here?"

"Oh, that's easy. I have already had more

Inferno Revisited



than my share of Heaven, since I lived in Victoria's 19th Century England, you know, and besides, I've always had a rather infernal sense of humor anyway. But I'm bored with Hell. You're the first business I've had, and then you turn out to be a Texan."

"Well — I'm a different kind of Texas man. I have some culture, for I'm a student at The University of Texas."

"At Austin? Really! Half of the space down here is reserved for people from that place. We have a great space problem, you know — we expect to double our enrollment by 1970, and we have no space to grow in, except down."

But I wanted to look around. "Will you show me the place where you keep the scholars and other academic people?"

"Oh," said Algernon, "you are dull, even for a Texan. But come along. And don't fall."

At that we began our descent. In the first realm we came upon three men who were screaming at each other. One was shouting, "But you can't prove it is equal because it can be seen only in a holohemihedral state!" Another said, "I know, but we can assume an empirical truth!" "That's right!" the third shouted. "Ah," the first man soothed, "but an empirical truth is only so because it can't be proved untrue." "Yes!" raved the third man, "and Hell has always been an empirical thing. Yet, here I am in Hell with you!" With that the second two fell upon the first man and began to beat him.

"Who in the world are they?" I asked

Algernon.

"The first man is a former pure math professor. The second two were philosophy professors."

"Here in the uppermost regions? I especially thought the pure math man would be in the hottest part of Hell. Why, this place right here is more comfortable than Benedict Hall."

"No," said Algernon, "Math people are not terribly wicked. You see wickedness is nearly always the result of great intellectual powers — that's why pure math people are almost sinless."

"Then why are they here at all. They must have some excesses!"

"My dear dumb Texas boy — math people are actually smart, as far as activity of the mind is concerned, but they are without imagination which is the same as being simple. And there is nothing more excessively excessive than being simple."

This really upset me. "Well, Mr. Swinburne, if they are up here, whom do you have at the very bottom where things are hot in Hell?"

"I notice you made the proper use of whom. Are you an English major?"

"I lean in that direction."

"In that case, I'd best not say who is chambered in the hottest quarters. I'd like to divert you while you're here, not disturb you." He guided me down a steep path where I suddenly fell headfirst from his grasp into nothingness. Just as I thought my doom was



near, I plunked into a puckish looking man whose greying hair and hawkish profile were outlined redly against the glowing chasm below. "Whew," I said, getting to my feet, "good thing you were in my way."

Algernon caught up with me. "You'd better be more careful. Texans easily go astray down here."

"Texas," snorted the graying man. "Ha! I knew he was from Texas. Ha! In my kind of Utopia we'd shoot a man for moving that fast." He tilted his chin to an angle of arrogance and vanished.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"A former economics professor. His punishment down here stems from his earthly support of the liberal Democrats. Hell has a Republican administration, you know."

"What is his punishment?"

"He has to supervise and sell bond issues for local municipal groups. At the moment the bond issue is for small locally owned heating plants, but of course nobody will invest because they feel that big business can provide all the heat in Hell with trouble-free service and low rates, but the economics professor won't give up because he's for small business, states' rights, and heavy taxation."

"Is he a creeping socialist?" I asked.

Suddenly the economics professor reappeared and shouted directly in my ear, "Don't use that expression!" All Hell vibrated with anger and I almost fell backward into a pit of what appeared to be an endless sea of reaching hands. They were reaching for me, but Algernon pulled me away.

"Golly, what is that?"

"Oh — those people. They all used to be the workers at main desks of big university libraries and were too indifferent to pick up a call card. Now they reach forever towards cards they will never quite grasp."

It was all too depressing. As I pondered this sorry fate, I saw a curiously happy-looking man who was holding a huge magnifying glass. With it he was examining the rocks in the walls of the cave. "Pure carboniferous!" he was saying with genuine delight.

"Was he once a geologist?"

"Not really," said Algernon, looking depressed. "He's actually a cultural anthropologist."

"Well, he really doesn't look like he's being punished for anything."

Algernon was pensive. "Well, that man is a real problem down here. He has already upset the Devil by calling him a mixed-up drama student trying to stage an expired

myth. And worse than that, we can't convince the man that he's in Hell because he insists there is no such place. So he just wanders around and looks at the strata. He also likes to argue with the economists."

"I'm still upset about the economists being here in Hell. They've done so much for the common man — helped break big business and prove that higher wages wouldn't hurt business. Looks like they'd be in Heaven."

"No economist will ever get to Heaven. The rich people see to that because they hate economists."

"What do rich people have to do with it?"

"Well, they can't buy a seat in Heaven, but they can surely pay the Devil to lure the economists down here. Hell is operated on the profit motive, you know. The Devil is a graduate of the Harvard School of Business."

"This all depressed me. I must have looked it because Algernon said, 'Why so sad, Texas boy?'"

"Oh, all these fine intellectual people down here. Why, Mr. Swinburne, you're a genius yourself. It seems odd that so many people with fine minds are here in Hell."

"No," Algernon said, "it isn't odd. You see, people can experience good but can't imagine it. Consequently, people who are dumb and incapable of that intellectual acrobatic called imagination have no choice but the sensuous experience of good — and they go to Heaven, all of them except the math people who don't count because they are capable of imagination but refuse. On the other hand, evil is purely a mental affair promulgated by the mind. Evil is far more complicated and intricate than good, the result being that the practice of evil is reserved for persons of imaginative intellect."

"That's crazy and silly. It implies that only thinking people can go to Hell!"

Algernon squealed with delight. "That is exactly as it should be. It was thinking people who invented Hell in the first place with their imaginations, and then they used it to frighten the healthy and unimaginative people. Hell is really a state of mental anguish, you see. It's a cerebral mutation."

In a way, this pleased me. I had found some good reason why I should not be intellectual. "I must be going," I told Algernon.

He was disappointed. "So soon?"

"Yes. Yes I must. Now that I'm convinced how good it is to be dumb, I'm going back to Austin and tell the Hairy Ranger all about it."

Ranger — Hans Beacham



Mother: (putting Junior to bed) Shh-hh, the sandman is coming.

Junior: Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.

★ ★ ★

She: I see by the paper where nine professors and a student were killed in a wreck last night.

He: Poor chap.

★ ★ ★

The Dean was looking over the new coed's references. "Do you think you will settle down here?" he asked, after a while. "You seem to have left a good many schools."

The coed smiled confidently. "Yes, sir," she replied. "But I didn't leave any of them voluntarily."

★ ★ ★

A woman entered a room in a New York hotel and recognized a prominent official marching up and down in a preoccupied manner. Quietly she asked him why he was there.

"I'm about to deliver a speech in a few minutes," he said.

"Do you usually get nervous before making a speech?" she asked.

"Oh no," he said. "I never get nervous at all."

"Then what," she wanted to know, "are you doing in the Ladies' Powder Room?"

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through the wards of a state asylum, was particularly intrigued by a patient who sat huddled in a corner all by himself and scratched himself, for hours on end.

"My good man," the doctor addressed the patient gently, "Why do you stay huddled in a corner all by yourself and scratch yourself?"

"Because," replied the man wearily, "I'm the only person in the world who knows where I itch."

★ ★ ★

A little boy was sitting on the street corner with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came by.

"Sonny, why aren't you in school?" she asked.

"Hell, lady, I'm only three."

★ ★ ★

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around, and we'll see."

★ ★ ★

Little girl: "I saw mama kiss the iceman this morning."

Daddy: "Gad, why does she waste time with him we owe the grocer ten dollars?"



HARVARD LAMPOON



"Peanut-butter sandwich?"

★ ★

Motorcycle cop: "I've had my eye on you for sometime, miss."

Came the airy reply, "Fancy that, and I thought you were arresting me for speeding."

★ ★ ★

The best way to get rid of a noise in your car is to let her drive.

★ ★ ★

Women prefer men who have something tender about them- especially the legal kind.

The hardest thing about prize-fighting is picking up your teeth with a boxing glove on.

★ ★ ★

Alexander, the Pullman porter, returned home unexpectedly one afternoon when his train was cancelled. After looking around his house, he took out his razor and began to strap it.

"Alexander, what yo' gonna do wif dat razor?" asked Ruby.

"If them shoes under da bed ain't got no feet in 'em, I'se gonna shave."

Why Can't Johnny Study?

This article is a sequel to the now-infamous book, "Why Johnny Can't Read." In this article Mr. Albright carries through on the thoughts and actions of Johnny as he gets to college, and still can't read.

Actually Johnny is a pretty good boy. He's a fraternity man, but don't hold that against him. He needs security. Johnny still can't read. And it isn't his fault. It's the fault of all those stupid teachers in the first few primary grades who thought it was unsanitary to learn to read phonetically. Besides, they couldn't read either.

Really, the answer is plain to see. If Johnny can't read, then certainly he can't study. And that would end the case. But let us pretend that through some slip-up in his grade school career, Johnny learned how to put his ABC's together. And he went off to college.

Johnny starts off right well in college . . . up to that part of the semester where the classes begin. Then he started to lag behind a bit. And that is the crux of the whole thing. Why did he lag? Why couldn't he study?

Well, one reason may be politics. It can't really be called politics because that term usually implies a two-sided deal. What really happened was that Johnny's fraternity gambled right and happened to support the right party at school election time, and so naturally a few important posts were given to some of the members . . . Some of the members who needed something for their job application forms. And so naturally Johnny had a chance to be interviewed. It took a long time for Johnny to break into politics. He spent three solid weeks going to boards and getting interviewed. Finally he

was lucky enough to be accepted and he was appointed a member of a board. Then for the next thirteen weeks he sat on a board interviewing other applicants for board positions. He isn't quite sure of what board he is on, or what he does, but they say over there that he is doing a darn good job, and may soon move up to the more important board that picks the board that he is on now, which would really be SOMETHING. And think of how that will look in a job application form.

But although boards and politics take time, there is still ample time left over, or is there? One must date when one is in college, or one hasn't been to college. That's what it says in the brochures, but not the same way. So on Monday night there is chapter meeting, and after that the night is shot anyway, so he might as well go out and have a coke or a beer with someone, depending on his financial situation. Then Tuesday night is the night to see the show before it changes. And Wednesday night is date night, of course. Thursday night is the night before Friday night, so he can't study then, and Friday and Saturday and Sunday nights are strictly enforced date nights. Some nights dates are interrupted by board meetings, but this can be overcome when he has his girl appointed a member of the board, and they can sit in bliss and pick new board members together. It's cheap too. That shoots the evenings and leaves the afternoons and the mornings.

There are classes in the mornings, and that leaves only the afternoons. And being far-sighted Johnny has left the afternoons open for study. But after all the night gadding about, the afternoons are only good for pick-



A man complaining of a severe pain visited a psychiatrist.

"Where is your pain, my good man?" asked the doctor.

"In my navel, Doctor," the victim replied.

"Well, what does it feel like?" the doctor asked.

"Like I had a big screw in my navel, Doc," he replied.

"Why don't you get a screwdriver and remove the screw?" the doctor suggested. The patient brightened visibly.

"A great idea, Doc," he said. "I'll try that."

The next day the doctor's phone rang, "Doc," he said, "I did what you told me. I bought a screwdriver and removed the big screw that was in my navel."

"Fine," said the doctor. "Now, how do you feel?"

"I feel okay," the patient replied, "but the damndest thing happened. When I took the screw out, my leg fell off."

★ ★ ★



A certain dean had been asked to present the trophies to the winners of the sorority division of Women's Intramurals. When he arrived for the occasion, he was outraged by the dress of most of the girls.

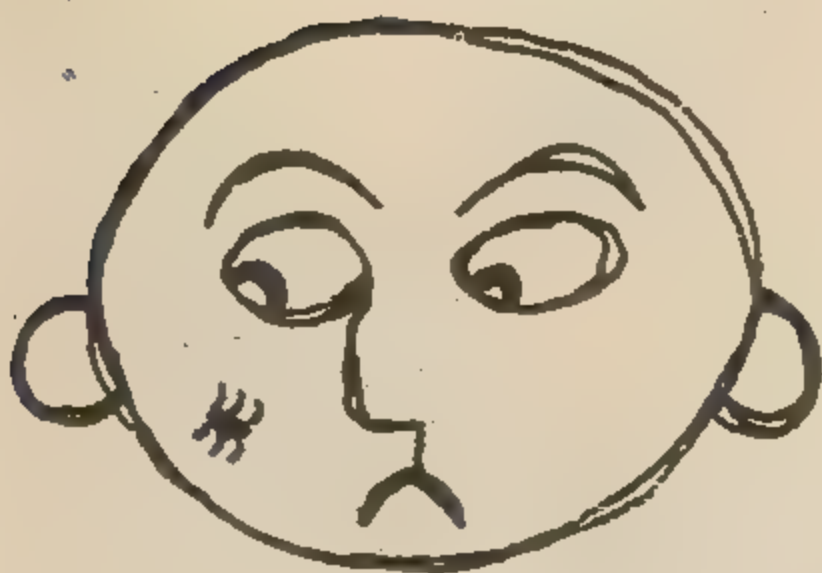
"Just look at that young person there with the cigarette, close-cut hair, and breeches!" he cried to a bystander. "Is it a girl or a boy?"

"It's a girl," replied the bystander. "She's my daughter."

"Oh, forgive me, sir," apologized the dean. "I never dreamed you were her father."

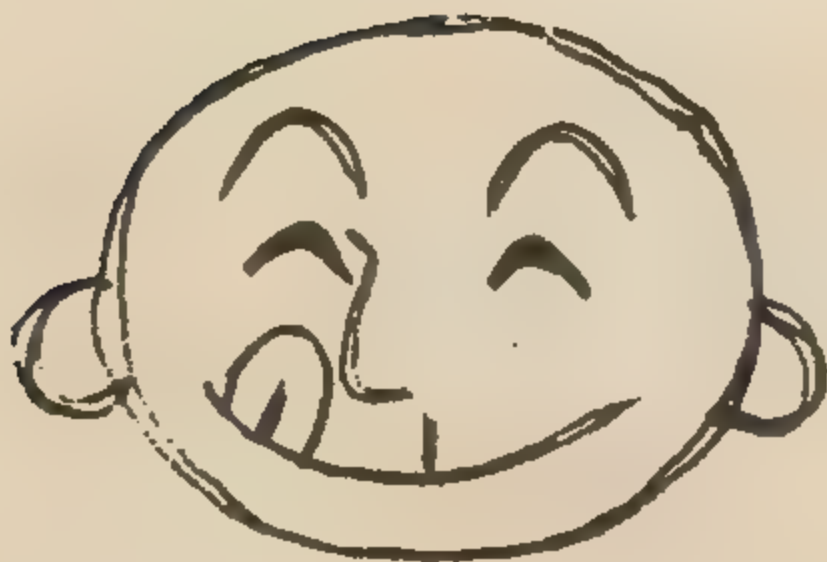
"I'm not," was the reply. "I'm her mother."

★ ★ ★



Joseph Pulitzer, in whose name the annual Nobel Prize is not given, said that "accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman." That is not entirely accurate. A newspaper can always print a retraction.

★ ★ ★



The guide pointed to a big bronze plaque on the bridge of a battleship and explained to a tourist, "This marks the spot where our brave captain fell." "I can see why," retorted the guest, "I darn near slipped on it myself."





Overhead the sky was blue. The dum-dum-dum of the big guns shook the mother earth and began to smash the coiled insides of my stomach to jelly. Strawberry. I wanted to be back at the cafe with Lady Bratt, but I still had this ambulance to drive. There was a war on. I was in it, but I didn't know why. Suddenly I was picked up and tossed over and over and my stomach felt like the coiled insides of a stomach coiled around the insides of a . . .

I came to in a clean bed. Clean white sheets and a clean nurse smiling at me. I fell in love. I called her daughter. "Daughter I love you, but this wound makes our love impossible." I always called her daughter. It was not an affectation, I was still drugged. "Did I ever tell you about the ducks in Venice, daughter?" She smiled, and said no. I passed out again. When I came to she was rowing me across a misty lake. Overhead the sky was blue. She handed me an oar, "Hit the shark," she said. I waited until he circled the boat, then hit him. It was a clean blow and it sent a recoil up my arms and jolted my shoulders. "I hit him, daughter," I said. "Fine old man." We smiled. So did the hyena who sat on the bow. He sat there and smiled that smile and knew that I hated him as much as all the beasts hated him. He was deformed, dragging his crippled hind legs like a cruel joke. He was waiting for me to die. But I wouldn't die, I was only wounded. "Daughter, when will the plane come?" There was no answer, she had gone off with that Bull-fighter again. Cohen was bleeding at the mouth where I had hit him. It was getting damn crowded in this boat.

When we came to the shore I lifted the mast out and carried it up the path to the cafe! "Why are you crawling on your hands and knees, old man?" Lady Bratt turned her slouch-hatted head toward me. She loved to dress in manly clothes and then hurt me with her femininity. This damn wound I thought.

The Old Man and the Seizure

Cohen was sitting across from me with his arm around the hyena. "When are you going to blow up that bridge?", he asked. The damn tolling of the church bells in the square drowned out my reply. It was just as well, I didn't know. I wanted to go somewhere and fish in cool water. I wanted to hunt ducks in the swamps with Daughter. Lady Bratt had picked up some friends in the American Bar across the street. That crippled friend of Cohen's was sitting on my chest now. Overhead the planes began to swoop down to strafe us. We crawled under the cafe table but the bullets bore down and killed. The bridge would have to wait, I thought.

From under the checkered table cloth I could see the dragging feet of the retreating troops. Angelo reached down and pulled me out. "Lieutenant," he said, "the ambulance." I got in beside him and drove off. A group of peasants were singing Basque songs in the back. One of them handed me a wineskin which I squeezed. A trickle of stinging wine dribbled down my chin as I gulped my share. It was good. We were coming to a bridge and I thought it looked familiar. It was. I had just mined it two days ago. The hyena jumped on my chest again. I turned to Angelo, "Daughter, death is on my chest." We smiled. Overhead the sky was blue.

Record — John Jay Huss



FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

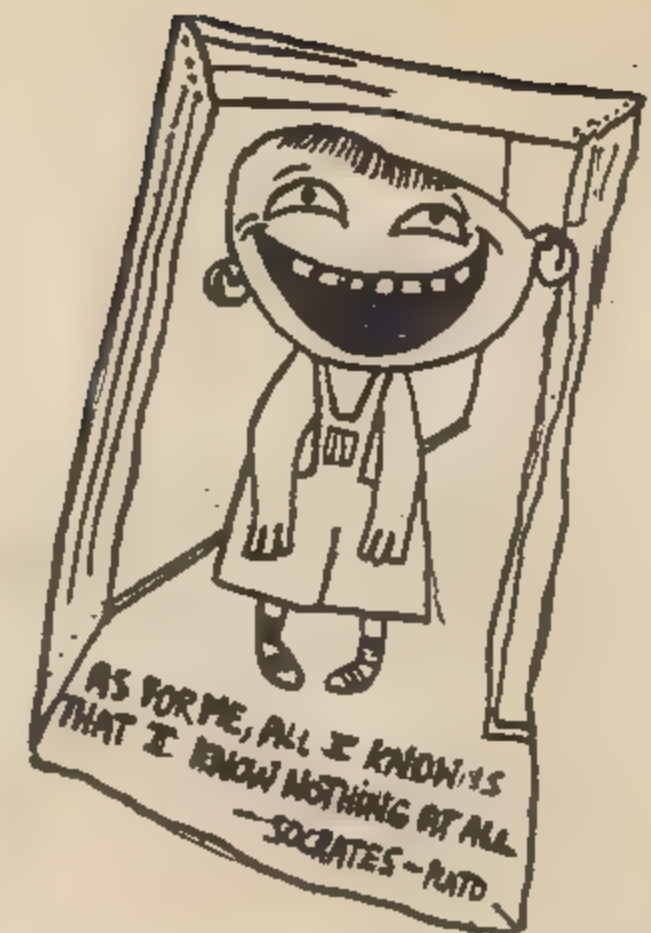
BY FAMOUS PEOPLE ABOUT PEOPLE
ON THIS CAMPUS AND ABOUT CAMPUS

A FINE COLLECTION FOR AMAZING
YOUR ENIVIOUS FRIENDS AND MAKING
YOUR PARENTS THINK YOU'RE CLEVER
AND WORTH THEIR MONEY. IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE



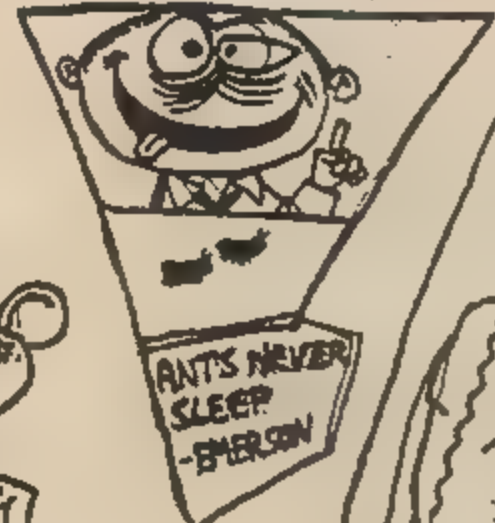
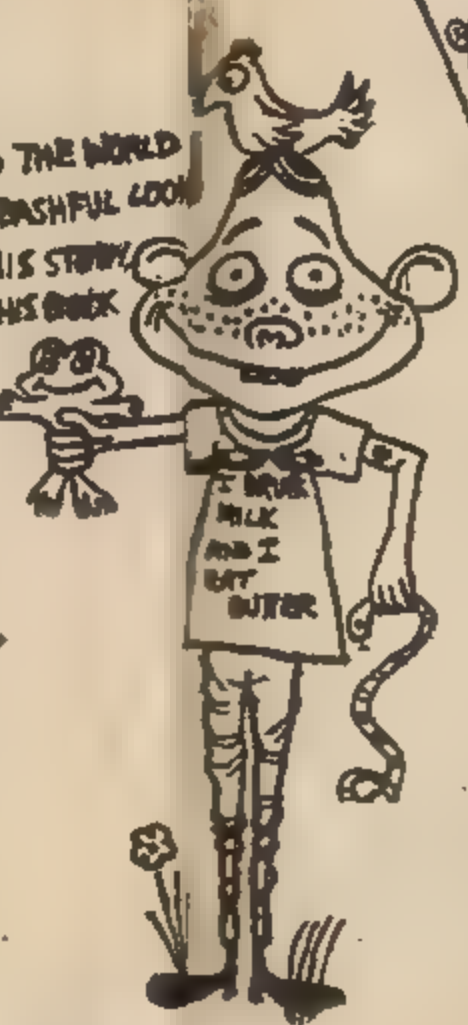
WHEN YOU DO DANCE,
I WISH YOU A WAVE
O' TH' SEA, THAT YOU
MIGHT EVER DO
NOTHING BUT THAT
- WINTERS TALE

SECOND THOUGHTS,
THEY SAY, ARE
BEST.
- DRYDEN



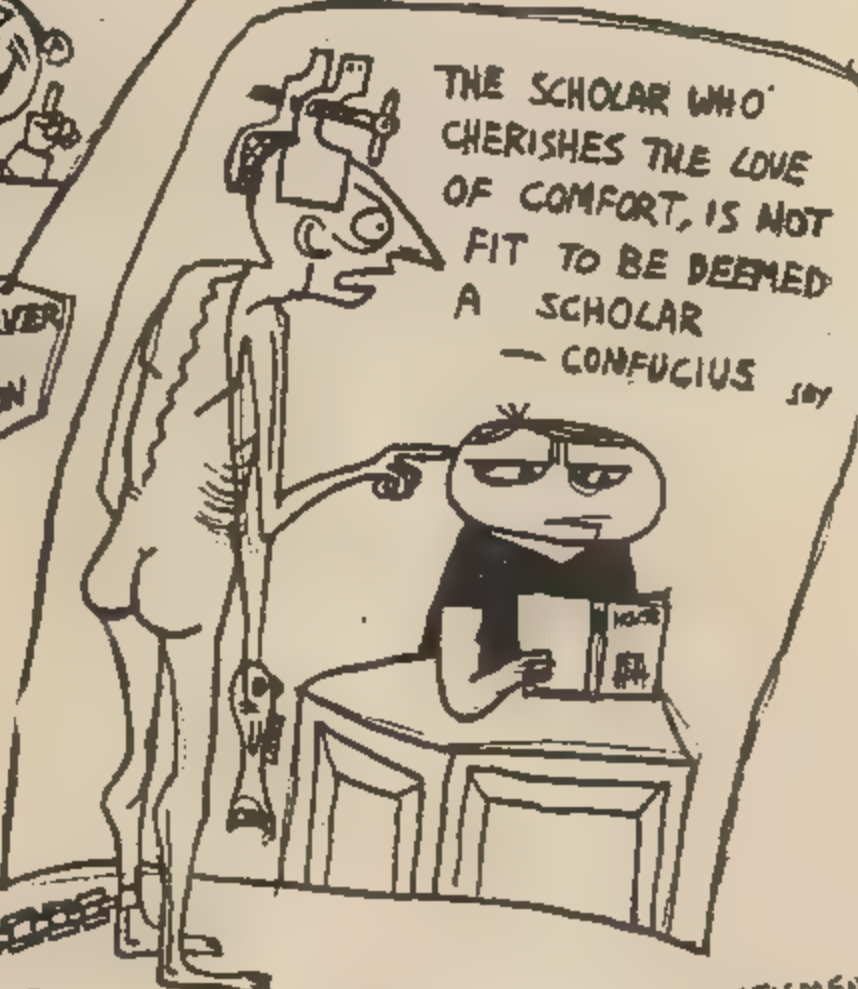
AS FOR ME, ALL I KNOW IS
THAT I KNOW NOTHING AT ALL
- SOCRATES - RATO

STRANGE TO THE WORLD
HE WORE A DASHFUL LOOK
THE FIELDS HIS STUDY
NATURE WAS HIS BOOK
- BLOOMFIELD

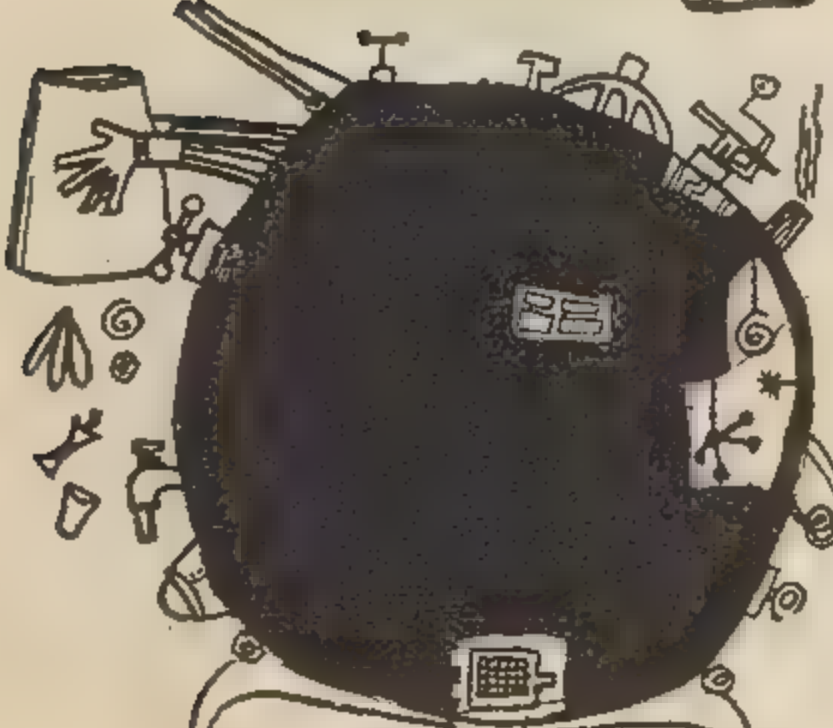


ANT'S NEVER
SLEEP
- EMERSON

THE SCHOLAR WHO
CHERISHES THE LOVE
OF COMFORT, IS NOT
FIT TO BE DEEMED
A SCHOLAR
- CONFUCIUS



I TO MYSELF AM
DEARER THAN A FRIEND
- TWO GENTLEMEN OF BRONA



MY THOUGHTS AND I WERE OF
ANOTHER WORLD - BEN JOHNSON



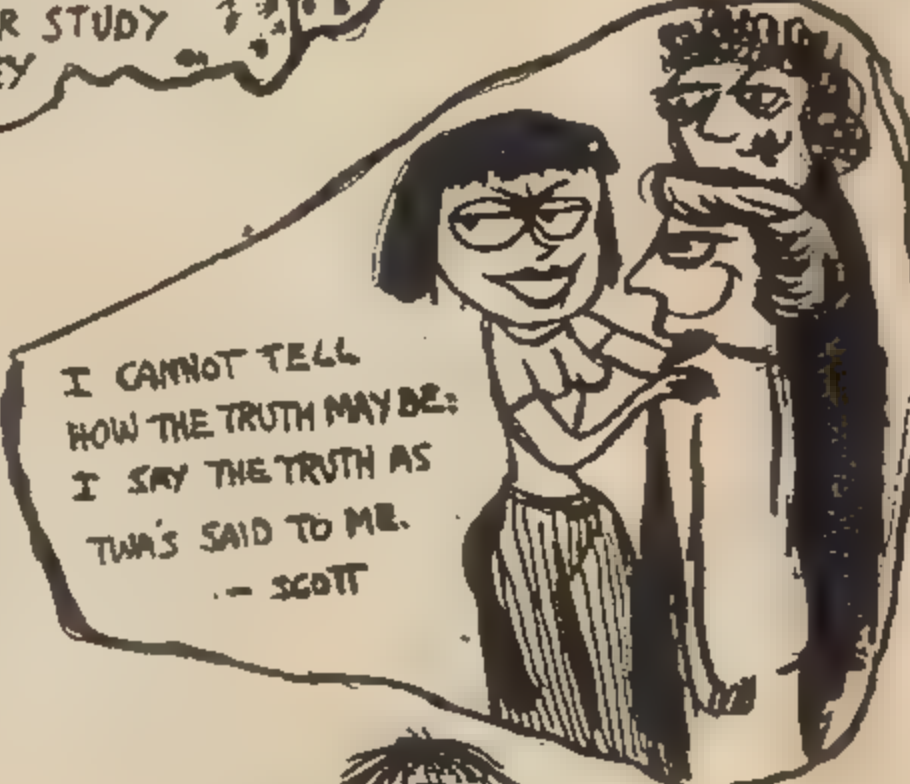
WHEN NIGHT
HAS SET HER SILVER LAMP ON
HIGH, THEN IS THE TIME FOR STUDY
- BAILEY



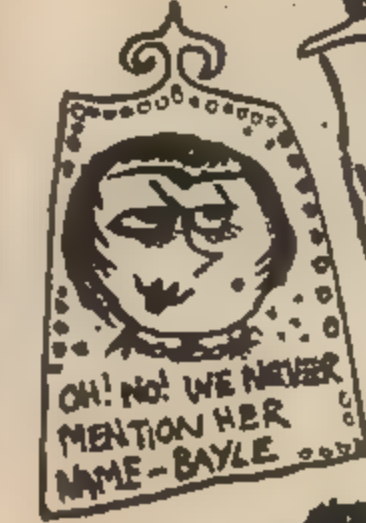
I CARE FOR NOBODY,
NO, NOT, I.
- BICKERSTAFF



HE SAT AND BLEARED HIS
EYES WITH BOOKS
- LONGFELLOW



I CANNOT TELL
HOW THE TRUTH MAY BE:
I SAY THE TRUTH AS
TWA'S SAID TO ME.
- SCOTT



OH! NO! WE NEVER
MENTION HER
NAME - BAILE



SOME BOOKS ARE ONLY
CURSORILY TO BE TASTED
OF - FULLER

ADVERTISEMENT

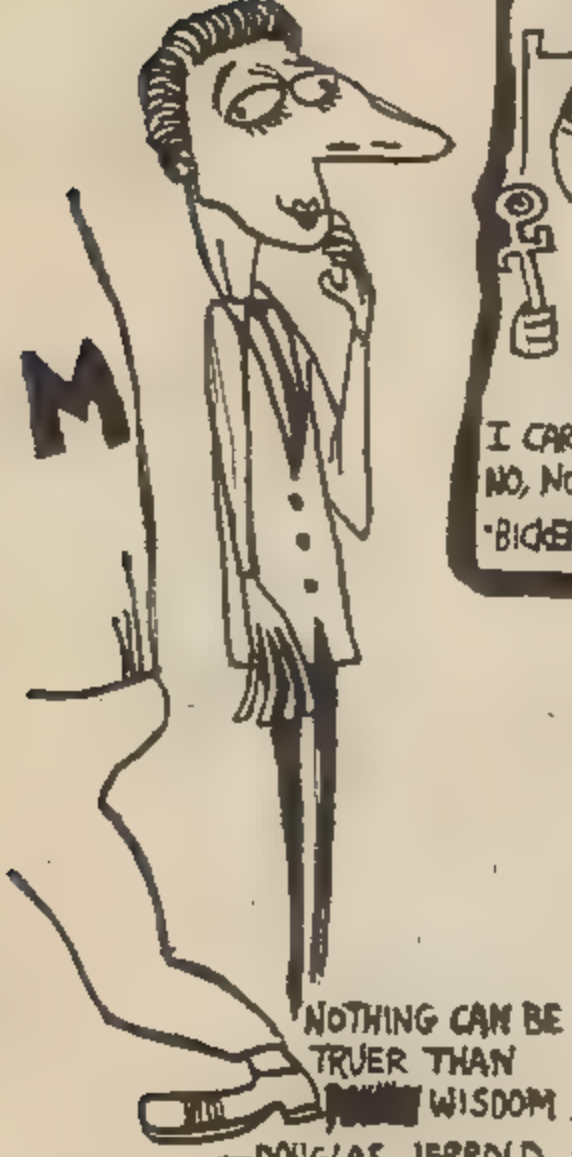


A WOMAN NEEDS A
STRONGER HEAD
THEN HER OWN FOR
COUNSEL... SHE SHOULD
MARRY - CALDERON

BUT WOMAN'S GRIEF IS LIKE
A SUMMER STORM.
SHORT AS IT VIOLENT IS.
- BAILE



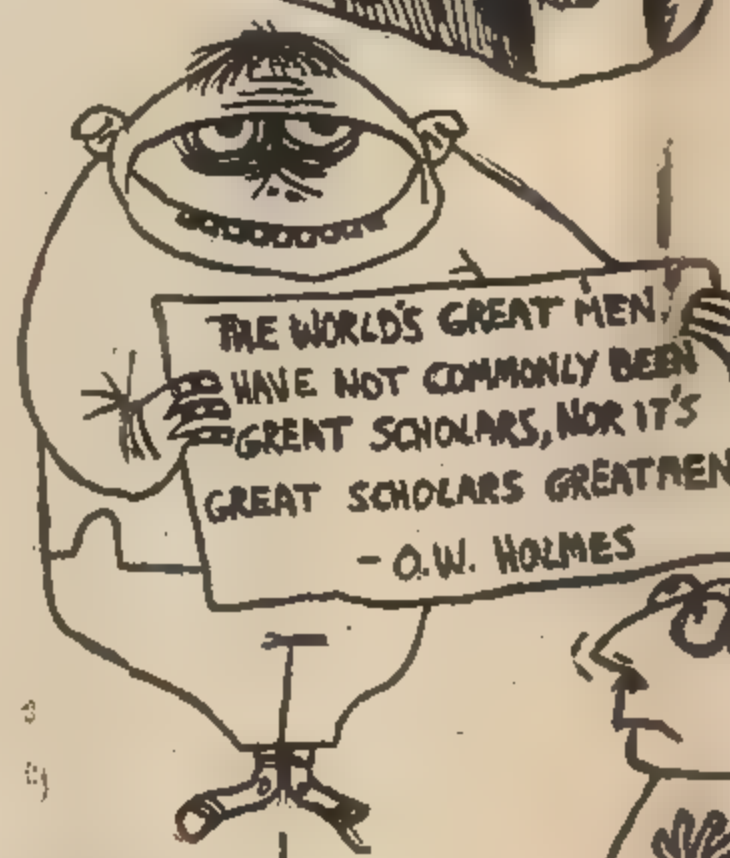
THAT ONE
SMALL HEAD
SHOULD CARRY
ALL HE KNEW
- GOLDSMITH



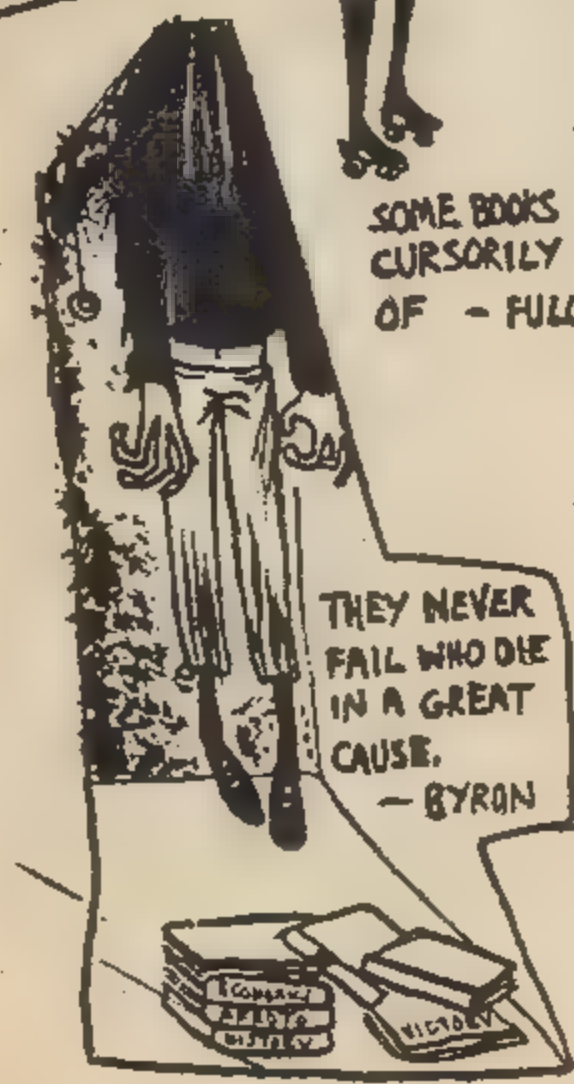
NOTHING CAN BE
TRUER THAN
WISDOM
- DOUGLAS JERROLD



UP! UP! MY FRIEND, AND QUIT YOUR BOOKS,
OR SURELY YOU'LL GROW DOUBLED.
UP! UP! MY FRIEND, AND CLEAR YOUR LOOKS,
WHY ALL THIS TOIL AND TROUBLE.
- WORDSWORTH



THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN
HAVE NOT COMMONLY BEEN
GREAT SCHOLARS, NOR IT'S
GREAT SCHOLARS GREAT MEN
- O.W. HOLMES



THEY NEVER
FAIL WHO DIE
IN A GREAT
CAUSE.
- BYRON



WHAT HARM IN DRINKING CAN
THERE BE, SINCE PUNCH AND
LIFE SO WELL AGREE
- BLACKLOCK

FLYNN

MISSOURI SHOWME

At their morning pep conference, a Chicago bookseller announced enthusiastically to his staff of salesmen: "Men I've ordered 300 copies of 'What Every Expectant Mother Should Know' — and I'm counting on you boys to create a demand for them."

★ ★ ★

A major walked into an army kitchen and when the mess sergeant shouted, "Attention!" all obeyed except a new recruit cook.

"What's the matter?" asked the major. "Why don't you stand up when the command is given?"

"Sir," was the reply, "I have just started a recipe which says, 'Don't stir for 20 minutes.'"

★ ★ ★

"Hey! Aren't you afraid of sharks?"

"No, I'm tatooed."

"What has that got to do with sharks?"

"I've got 'UT men don't drink' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."



BITTICK

MISSOURI SHOWME

ETHNOLOGY, OR IS IT ENTOMOLOGY

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"All right! I'll bring you a fork!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That's strange. What kind of soup is it?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That will be ten cents extra, please."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Indeed? I guess we just forgot to put it on the menu."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Okay, here's a fly swatter."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Where did you think they went in September?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Ah, cornered at last!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"What did you expect, a gall wasp?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Wait'll you see the coffee."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Well, do you blame him? It's damned good soup!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Don't worry, he won't drink much."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Fly, hell! That's the Ranger editor!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Ah, M'sieur ees mistake; zat in ze zoup is not a fly, eet ees a vitamin bee."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Quick, get your fork, maybe a trout will rise to it."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream."

"Let him freeze; it might teach him a lesson. The little rascal was in the soup last night."

★ ★ ★



"I'd rather tell you about your past!"

That There City Girl



You'd think that there'd be a law against them and that's what I tell'd ma, only she up and laughed at me and says I've got a lotta things ta learn about girls. And then I asked pa fer advice on the subject and he comes out and tell'd me that he ain't been able ta figger them out and he's been married ta one since I wasn't even thought of.

Well, bein' sixteen and havin' been in

contacts with two of them there critters, as pa always calls them, and them livin' on the next farm 'bout three miles from ours, I figgers I'm becomin' an expert on them. I'm talkin' 'bout girls case ya didn't know. I figgers pa ain't so smart if he's never been able to figger ma out and them bein' ta-gether fer so long now. And I don't think ma's so hard ta figger out, not fer me any-ways. I'm the only other man around the house, so one of us better be able to figger her out. I don't have no sisters either. Pa says I'm lucky 'cause I don't know what I'm missin'. He's had three.

* * *

It all started when Eileen, who lives at the farm I told ya was near ours, well, she invites her city cousin, Jeanne, ta stay with her fer the summer. Now that's the whole start of the trouble, that there city girl!

Ya see, I used ta always go fishin' and ridin' and huntin' with Bart who's Eileen's brother. That was before Eileen and me started goin' steady. Bart's got more horse sense than she has, he bein' fourteen and her bein' only thirteen. Now that's my opinion so don't go spreadin' it all around. Personally, I think all boys has more sense than girls and I even told Eileen that once and she says I'm partial 'cause I'm a boy and she didn't speak ta me fer a week. That never bothered me much anyway 'cause then I didn't spend any of my allowance on her fer the movies in Ayrshire which is the near-by town ta our farm, 'bout six miles away.

I don't know why I take her out all the time, but goin' steady usually requires havin' only two people, one girl and one guy. Any-ways, her folks and mine figger it's all right and Eileen and me get along pretty good most of the time. I kinda like her a lot at times and always do my ridin' with her. And I get a kick out af the way she handles her horse, a chestnut bay. She rides him bare back and guides him by pullin' his mane from side ta side. Now I use my saddle horse, and I use a saddle and reins, not that I'm a sissy ta ride bare back, but I've got sense 'cause someday Eileen's gonna get hurt. I keep tellin' her that, but like a girl, she don't listen none and will race on ahead a me with the bay's tail straight out and her own yella pony-tail just as straight.

That's the ONLY thing I can't figger out in a girl, why she won't take advice when a guy's tryin' ta be helpful.

Well, it seems that when Jeanne came in from Des Moines, which is a city only a

couple a hundred miles southeast of our farm, I had ta figger that there city girl out 'cause she was buildin' trouble between Eileen and me.

I had ridden over to Eileen's farm and got off my horse to go ta the house ta see if she wanted ta go ridin' when that there city girl comes out pattin' back her brown hair and grinnin' like a toothpaste ad on Highway 30. She comes up ta me, within inches mind ya, closer than I care ta let any girl 'cept Eileen come, and she says, in a city drawl that those city people seem ta always have, "You're Hankie, Eileen's one and only. I'm Jeanne, and you're going to be my one and only too."

Well, I was flabbergasted (that's one of ma's big words)! My face must a turned red 'cause I could feel it burnin' and then Jeanne goes and takes my arm and starts walkin' me ta the house. And she had the darndest nerve ta say I shouldn't be afraid of her 'cause she wouldn't bite. All I could choke up was I wasn't afraid of no girl and I tried ta get her ta let go when I seen Eileen at the door.

Eileen seemed ta be frowning some when she came out and she looked mean like fer just a second at Jeanne. And then she glanced down at Jeanne's red red shorts, which I was afraid ta mention before because they looked awful tight, like they was gonna split. And then Eileen says fer Jeanne ta put on dungarees like Eileen's if she wanted ta go ridin' with us. So Jeanne runs her hands over her shorts and on her bare legs and looks up at me and says they're cooler and wondered if she'd really have ta change. She suggested ridin' double with me since she wasn't sure how ta ride, but Eileen says "nothing doing" 'cause she knows Jeanne can ride. Jeanne gives her a quick look and turns back ta me and says not fer me ta do anything she wouldn't do until she gets back. I went over ta Eileen, shruggin' my shoulders, and I asked her what Jeanne meant. Eileen said not ta pay her any mind.

I could see that this was gonna be some humdinger of a ride when Bart comes walkin' his horse our way. I looked at Eileen, but she didn't say nothing except that three's a crowd and four's company and she preferred company.

We finally got goin' and everythin' went along with a kinda chill hangin' in the air. Jeanne had been ridin' close ta my side when Eileen wanted to race and I said nothin' doin', she looked hurt and called me a scaredy

cat. Bart was willin' ta race and took out after his sister at a fast gallop. This left Jeanne and me alone which I didn't care for.

She suggested we ride back toward the artificial lake near our place and I said okay since I seen Eileen and Bart headin' back. I took a quick glance at Jeanne and noticed she was as pretty as Eileen only I was stuck on Eileen 'cause I am partial 'bout girls from the farm. As I looked back at Jeanne, I noticed she looked older than Eileen. Ya can tell they're older by the way they put on their lipstick, careful like, as though they've been doin' it a while. Well, I asked Jeanne how old she was and she says she's as old as Eileen which was hard fer me ta believe since she looked as old as some of the senior girls in my high school.

And when we reached the lake, Jeanne looks back ta see how far Eileen and Bart are and she tells me ta follow her. She rides into the trees which surround the lake and gets off her horse. I do the same, hopin' that Eileen and Bart hurry up and get here. Then Jeanne walks over ta me and takes my hand and kinda guides me ta the lake side. We sit ourselves down in the foot high grass and Jeanne looks at me and smiles and brings her head close ta mine.

"Don'tcha want to kiss me?" she says, closin' her eyes and puckerin'.

"Look. I think we better get goin'," I say, shakily, and I try ta put down that lump in my throat and a voice that seems ta say, "Hank, yer a fool not ta!"

"Come on, Hankie. You're not afraid of girls, are you?" she coaxes, which burns me up.

"Quit callin' me Hankie! The name's Hank and I'm not afraid of girls!" With that, I take her in my arms and kiss her hard. Jeanne wraps her arms around me tight and kisses back real hard too. The lipstick tasted sweet and Jeanne smelled real good, not like the hogs Eileen's pa raises.

Well, we must've kissed fer a good five minutes and we broke up when I heard a noise behind us, away from where our horses was tied. Then I heard hoof beats ridin' off or ridin' past, I didn't know which and I didn't care right then since I was feelin' weak.

We sat smilin' at each other and then Jeanne takes off her ridin' boots and socks and sticks her feet in the water. With a little of her pleadin', I do the same and Jeanne snuggles up close ta me, closer than I let — I guess I told ya that before. Well, wh— Jeanne comes out with next knocked

ground out from under me. She'd suggested goin' in swimmin' and I told her I didn't have a suit. Well, she says "Who needs a suit?"

Ya see how easy it is ta figger out girls? All us guys know they lead ya into things. Well, I told her I wasn't about ta go in swimmin' in the raw. And then she says, I won't be the only one, and I about died of embarrassment. She tells me they call it "skinny dippin'" way out East and she figgers if boys go swimmin' in the raw, girls can too.

Well, I was fit to be tied and I was burnin' out light bulbs tryin' ta think a way out 'cause if I listened ta Jeanne any longer, I know'd I'd be goin' swimmin' out of curiosity and if pa ever found out, he wouldn't spare that two inch wide cowhide belt a his.

Jeanne was 'bout ready ta unbutton her blouse while she was callin' me girl-scared and burnin' me up so's I was ready ta pull my shirt off, when Bart comes ridin' in and says we'd better get home. Jeanne looked scared fer a minute and I 'bout flipped.

Jeanne rode on ahead while Bart rode beside me and kept lookin' at me real odd like. He told me Eileen had seen what I and Jeanne was doin' by the lake and Eileen was cryin' ta beat all get out when he left her. And I thought he meant she had seen us startin' ta get undressed when Bart says I shouldn't a kissed Jeanne. Was I relieved! I told Bart Jeanne was kissin' me 'cause I figger a little lyin' won't hurt nothin' here and Jeanne won't say anythin'. I was a bit scared of facin' Eileen, but I figgered I could handle her. Then Bart told me ta get rid a the lipstick on my mouth, which I did.

At the farm, we met Eileen by the stables. She was a little red around the eyes, but she seemed real cheerful. Bart was standin' by her by now and askin' her what made her change her mind. I couldn't figger out what he was drivin' at and I was more concerned in what Jeanne was tellin' Eileen.

"We were going swimming in the raw," she said, real sassy like, but Eileen didn't say anythin' except that it sounded like it would have been fun, which 'bout knocked me fer a loop hearin' it come from Eileen.

I had ta figger fast ta keep up ta my girl, so I figgered she was being real polite like ta her city cousin since I know all along that Eileen was more intelligent than that there city girl.

Eileen comes walkin' slowly up ta me

where I'm sittin' on the fence and then I notice her dungaree shorts, which I didn't know she owned, and I almost fell off the fence! They was just like Jeanne's shorts, in fit that is. Well, Eileen rests her head on her arm, which is restin' on my knee, and she smiles at me and asks me when I'm takin' her ta the movies again. She says it real loud too and she looks so cute ta me that I hafta lift her chin. That's when I feel a desire ta kiss her 'cause now I figger I know why I like her over Jeanne and that's Eileen's kisses which are soft and yet electric like. I didn't kiss her though 'cause I save that fer when we're alone. So I say that we'd better go tomorrow night, which is Friday. And then Eileen asks me, real loud again, what are we gonna do on Saturday night since these are the only two nights we can go out together. I told her I'd think up somethin'.

All this talk between Eileen and me kinda bothers Jeanne and she takes Bart by the hand and almost drags him away while he keeps lookin' back my way fer help. I figger he just doesn't figger out girls like I do, so I let him be dragged off fer a lesson since I figger Jeanne's the girl that can give it ta him. It turns out that Jeanne wanted ta get him ta tell his ma that she wanted ta leave that week end.

* * *

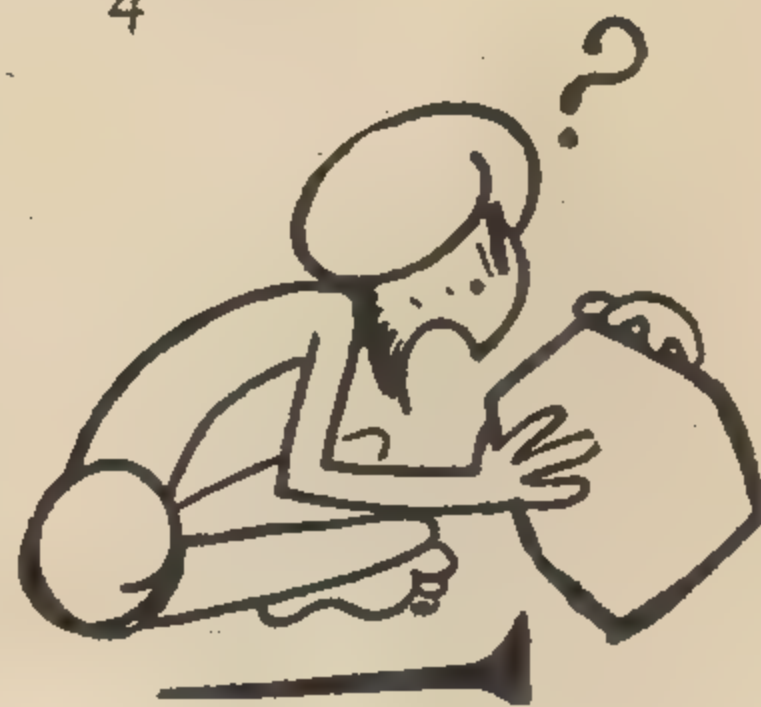
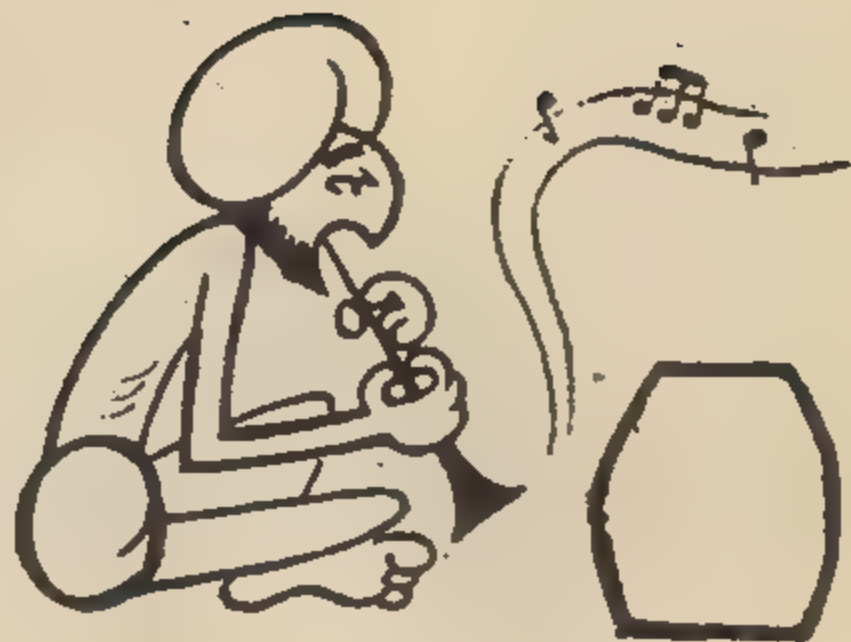
Ya see now it's not hard ta figger out girls. Eileen had asked me, after Jeanne had left that weekend, if I do go in swimmin' in the raw and I told her the truth which was yes and I added somethin' I remembered a man on TV sayin' and it sounded real heroish to me. I added it real quick like, sayin', "that's only when I'm out with the boys!" And she added, "I'm glad that's the ONLY time." And I could tell she was embarrassed by the subject so I dropped it.

So this is how I figgers out Eileen since she wasn't jealous. I figgers she knew she could trust me and she knew I was her guy so she didn't have a thing ta worry about what with my kissin' Jeanne.

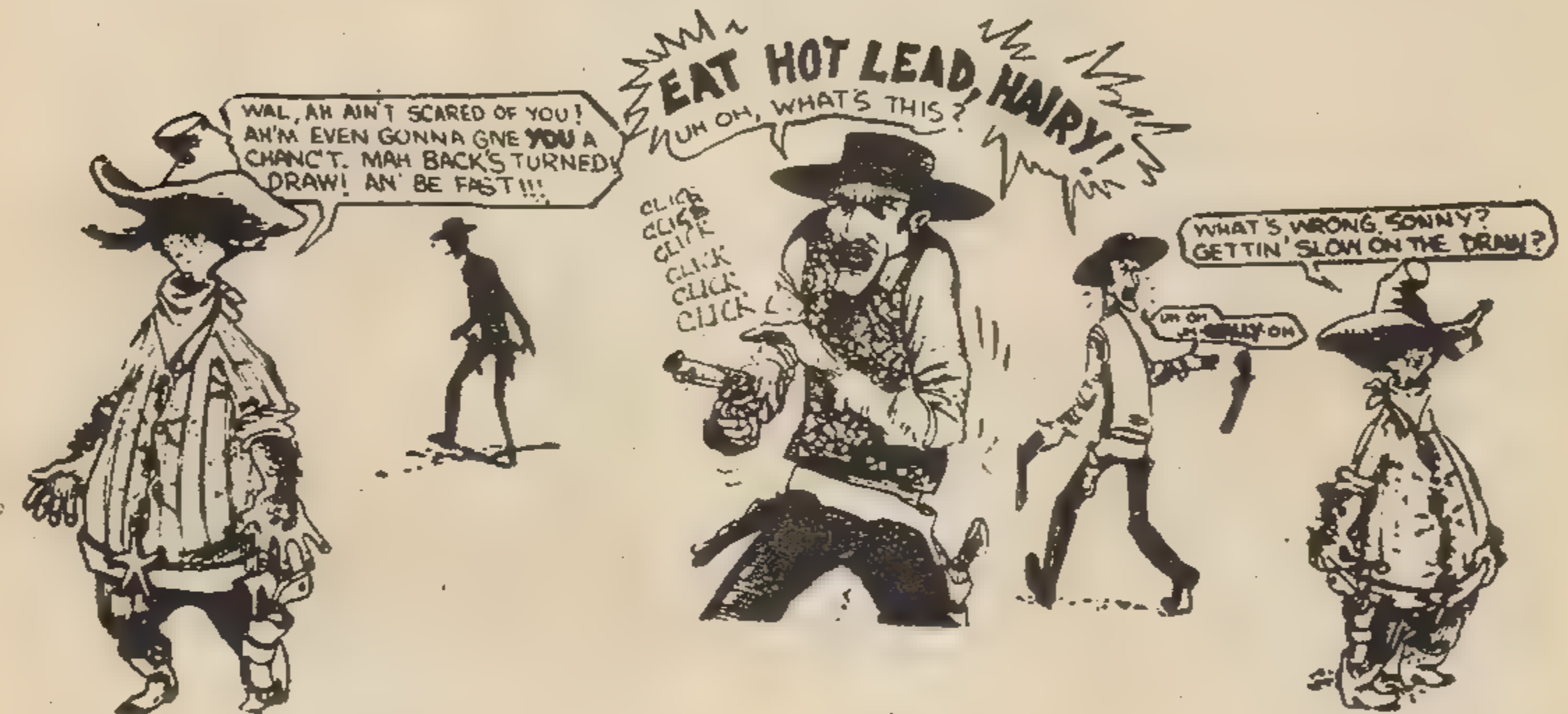
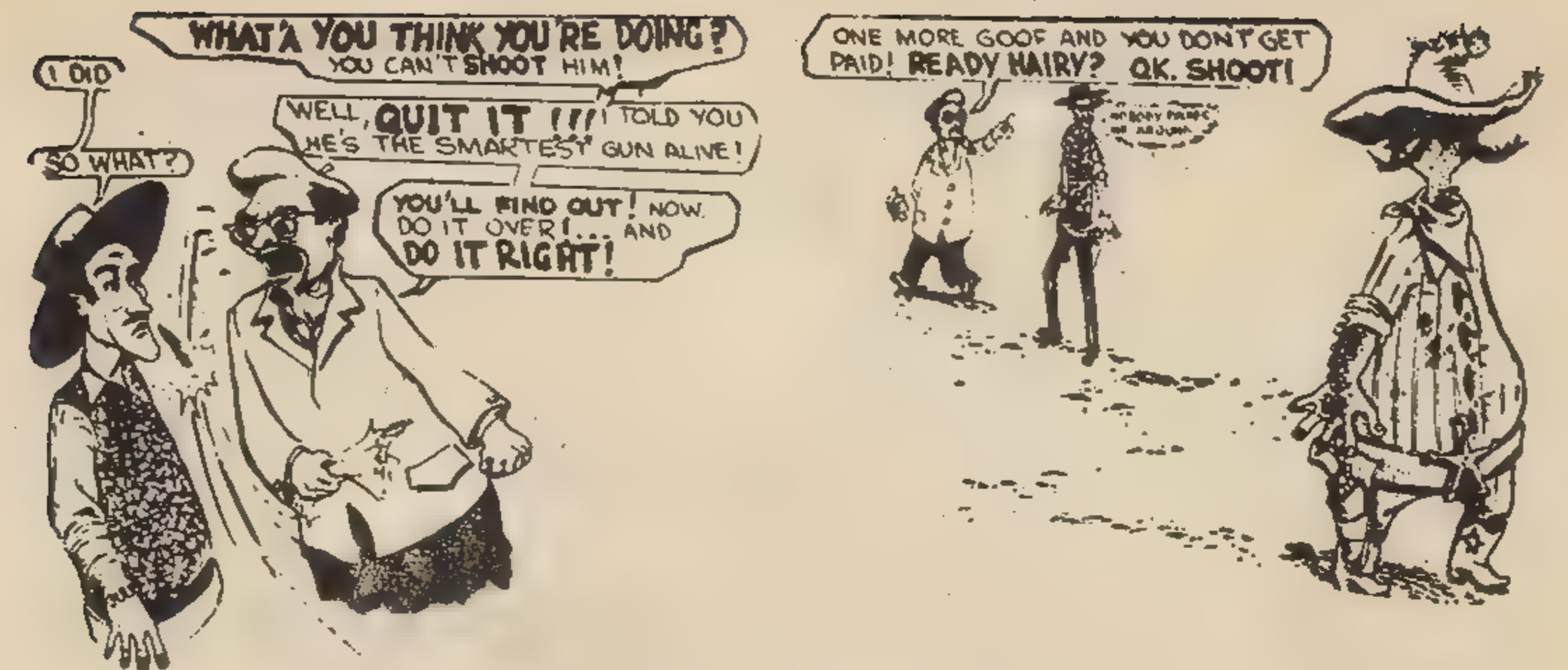
And I figgers that there city girl this way. She left 'cause she knew I was true ta Eileen and mainly because Bart just wouldn't give her a tumble bein' she was too young fer him.

Come ta think of it, even if she looked older than thirteen, she was really younger and innocent than the whole bunch of us which goes to show ya what we farmers have over them there city people.

Showme — Noel Tomas



The Smartest Gun Alive



"Mama, where did I come from?" asked the young ear of corn.

"The stalk brought you," replied the Mama ear.

★ ★ ★

"The inner check" said the philosophy teacher, "can be applied as well to our everyday lives. Observe, for example, the fly that has just lit on my nose. I do not lose my temper, I do not swear, I do not blaspheme. I merely say, "Go away, fly," and, uh . . . Goddam! It's a bee!"

★ ★ ★

A budding young actor in New York City got a bit part to play Abe Lincoln. The make-up studio was across the street from the theatre. That evening he arrived at the studio to be made up. After the make-up men were finished he proceeded to cross the street. He was immediately assassinated.

★ ★ ★

The South American dictator was reviewing his troops. He heard a soldier sneeze. "Who sneezed?" he demanded. Silence. He asked again, and when he received no reply, ordered that the first rank of men be shot. Then he asked again, "Who sneezed?" No answer. The second rank was demolished. "Now maybe someone will confess," the dictator said. "I did it," a soldier in the third rank admitted. "Aha," said the dictator, "Gesundheit!"

Don't you read anything but the jokes!

★ ★ ★

He: "What would I have to give you for just one little kiss?"

She: "Chloroform."

★ ★

The old-fashioned girl used to tuck her money in her bodice. The modern miss prefers to keep it where it won't be seen.

★ ★ ★

"Young man, why do I find you kissing my daughter?"

"I guess, sir, it's because you wear rubber heels."

★ ★ ★

The mistress of the boarding house glanced grimly around the table as she announced: "We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

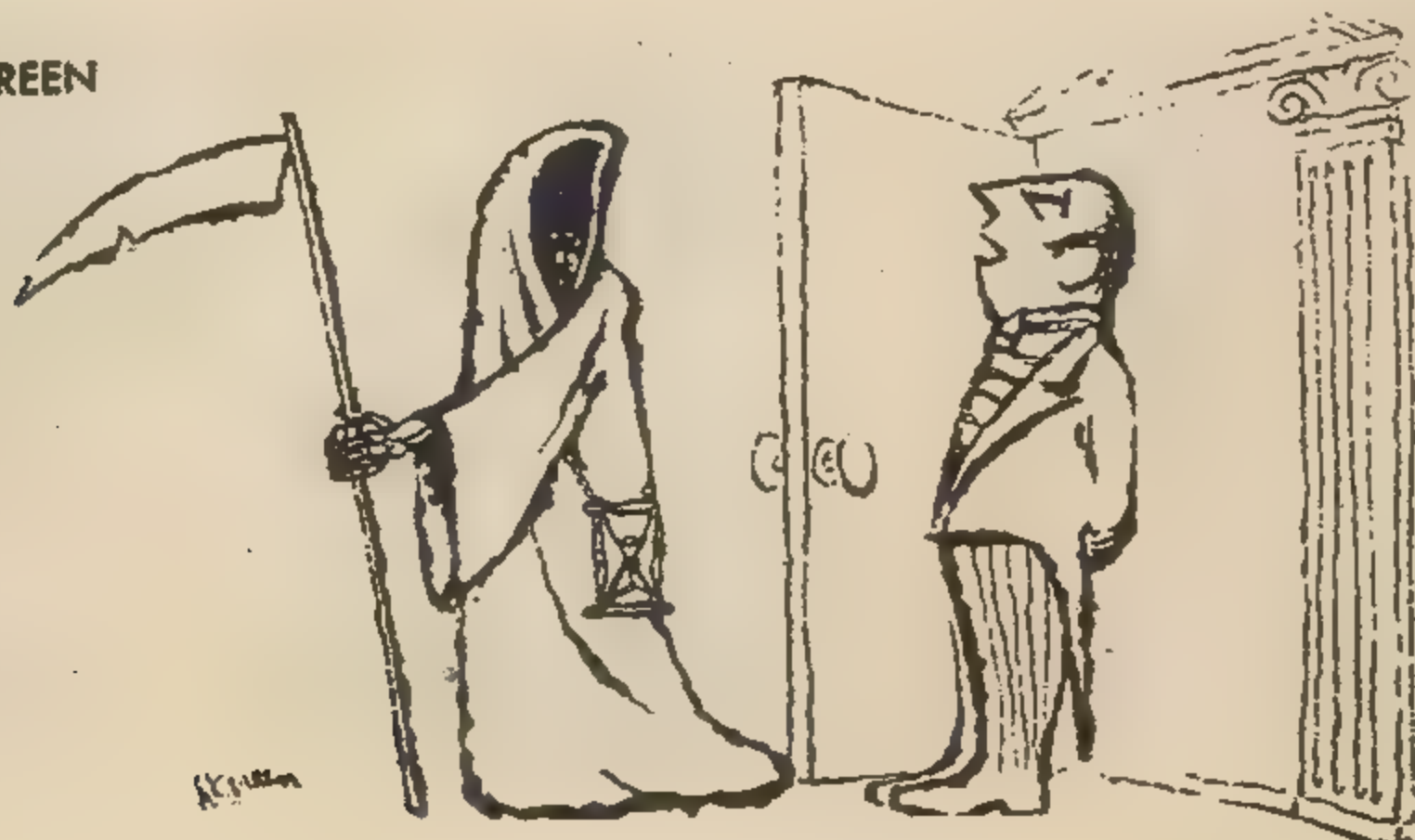
The boarders nodded resignedly, that is, all except one.

He glanced nervously downward shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft, something that said, "Meow!" Up came his head and a relieved smile came to his face.

★ ★ ★

If a girl is willing for a boy to buy her a dress, she should be just as obliging when he tries to talk her out of it.

D. GREEN



CHAFF

"Are you sure the master is expecting you?"



"When I spoke of your gaining respect by throwing your money around, Haroldson, I meant it only jokingly."

The gag writers held a meeting and, in order to save time, they gave a number to each joke. When anybody called out the number of a gag, they laughed just as hard as if they had heard the actual story.

The group of gagsters held a joke session and one fellow said "92." Everybody laughed. A guest, who did not understand what was happening, decided to go along with the gag. He, too, yelled out, "92." Nothing happened. He asked his host about this. "I suppose," the man replied, "some people can tell a joke and some people can't."

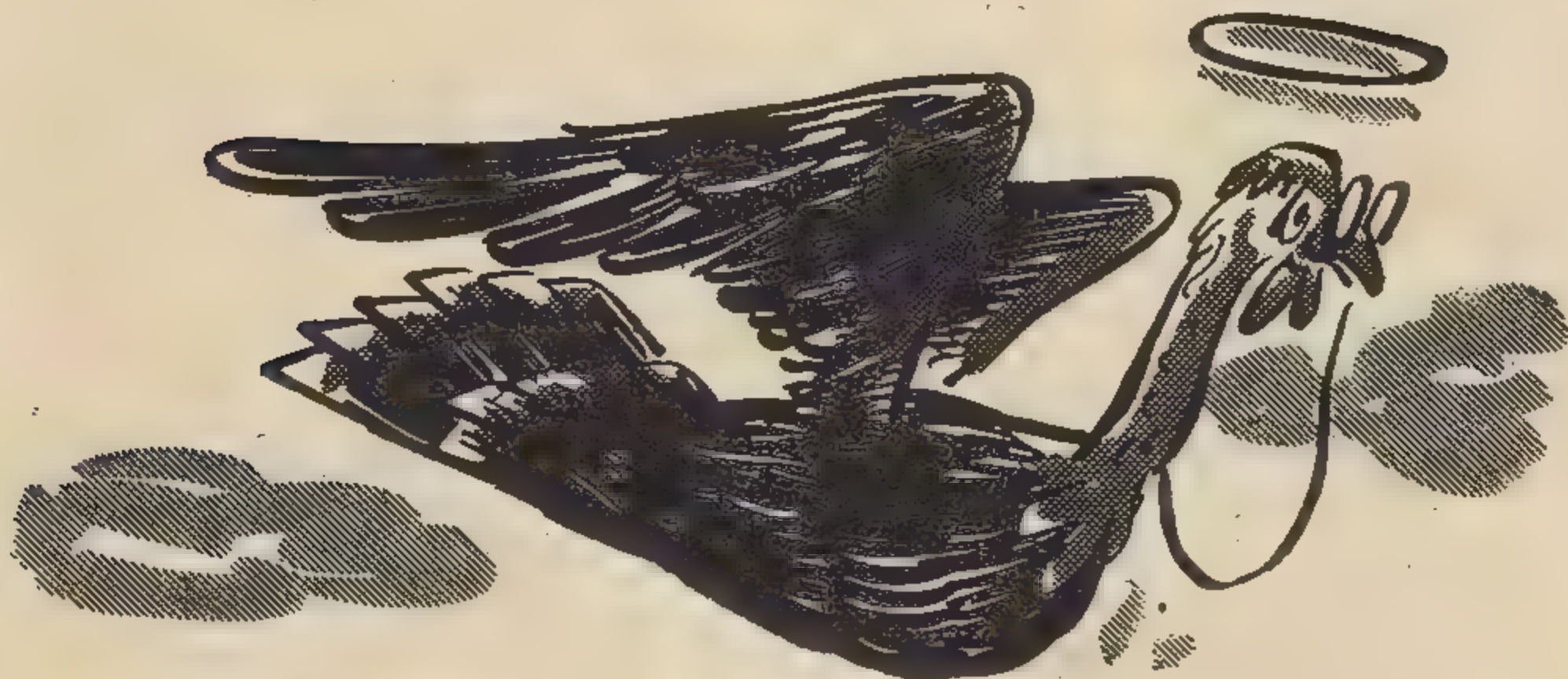
★ ★ ★

It was obvious to the dancers in a small night club that the young man who was playing the piano had left his dress unadjusted.

After some time a kindly old lady decided to tell him. So seizing the opportune moment she whispered: "Excuse me, but do you know you've got a button undone?"

"I'm afraid I don't," answered the young man. Then he added brightly, "But if you hum it, I'll try to vamp."

The Parable of the Old Turkey



Once upon a time there was a turkey who, by dint of sheer longevity, had assumed command of the entire flock in his pen. The old turkey was very proud of his position and lectured long and often to the younger turkeys on the reasons for his success. "It is simple," he used to say. "The world belongs to the turkeys, and the turkeys are a team. I have succeeded, as you may if you conduct yourselves in the proper fashion, by immersing myself in the team, by loving the team, by becoming, at last, so much a part of the team that I no longer have any wishes for myself. I have taken care of the team, and the team, because I have come to the very embodiment of its spirit, has taken care of me. That is how to succeed in life."

The younger turkeys considered the obvious success of their captain, and although they found him a terrible bore, they could not but agree with him.

But one day a new turkey was put in the pen with the flock. The new turkey had seen much of what went on outside the pen, and the first thing he did when he arrived was to start digging a tunnel under the fence. The chief turkey waddled over as fast as his dignity would allow. "And what do you think you're doing, young fellow?" he said.

"I'm getting out of here before they cut my head off," replied the new turkey. "And I would recommend that you join me."

"Nonsense," said the old turkey. "Nobody is going to cut your head off. You have only to play with the team, and eventually you will get your reward. Nobody in this pen has ever had his head cut off."

"Of course not," replied the new turkey, stopping his digging for a moment. "But what do you think becomes of the turkeys who are taken out the door next to the barn and never come back?"

"They go on to bigger and better things," said the old turkey, somewhat impatiently. "When a turkey has reached a certain age, if he has acquitted himself well in the pen, he is put in charge of all the pens on this side of the farm, and if he does well in that job, he is put in charge of the whole farm, and if he conducts himself especially well in that job, he may even get to serve on the Biggest Team of All, the Joint Turkeys of Staff, before he is carried off to Turkey Heaven. The team," he concluded, "takes care of its turkeys."

"The team," the new turkey answered, "does not exist at all. What you will find on the other side of the fence is men, and what they are going to do is cut off your head."

"Gobbledegook!" the old turkey bellowed. "The world is run by the turkeys, and those men are in the employ of the Chief Turkey

of the Farm."

"Thank you for the information," said the new turkey. "But there is no such thing as the Chief Turkey of the Farm, nor is there any such thing as the Joint Turkeys of Staff, and I will thank you to stand aside while I dig my tunnel."

"Young fellow," the old turkey said severely, "what you have said is blasphemy, for we know beyond question what goes on in the world outside. The oldest turkey I ever knew told me, and he got it from the oldest turkey he ever knew, and he got it from a member of the Joint Turkeys of Staff."

"There's no turkey like an old turkey," snorted the new turkey disdainfully. "Step aside, please."

"I see you are incorrigible," said the old turkey, with a sad shake of his head. "I must consider that you have severed yourself from the team."

"I consider that you have severed yourself from your head," the young turkey answered. "And I am not sure you will miss it." Whereupon he set to digging at a frantic rate. He was out of sight within an hour, and the turkeys in the flock thought no more about him.

It was only a week later that the old turkey reached the age for going through the door, and his summons came at once. He had given much thought to what the new turkey had said, and thinking thus had only raised his faith in the team to an even higher level. He went out through the door a proud and confident turkey, emotion welling in his heart as he thought of the team which was treating him so kindly. His last words to his beloved flock were, "I do not deserve the honor which is being bestowed upon me."

As the new turkey had predicted, a man sneaked up behind the old turkey as he entered the barn, and, as the new turkey had also predicted, the old turkey did not even miss his head when it had been cut off. In fact, when the old turkey was carried off to Turkey Heaven and elected to the Joint Turkeys of Staff, it took the Biggest Turkey of Them All nearly an hour to convince him that he was dead.

As for the new turkey, he tunnelled into the ten-foot-deep concrete wall upon which the fence had been set, and after three days of beating his beak against the wall he died of nervous frustration. When his spirit arrived in Turkey Hell, he found it a lonely and skeptical place, tolerable only because there were very few old turkeys there.

Lampoon — GRC





"Mr. Harrison, I'm quite sure the captain is aware those engines are on fire!"



She's the kind of a girl who whispers sweet nothin' doin's in your ear.

★ ★ ★

A student put a bottle of Scotch in his pocket. On his way across the street he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his leg.

"Heavens," he groaned, "I hope that's blood."

★ ★ ★

The other day on the Mall a cute freshman co-ed said rather loudly, "I didn't see you in class today!"

About thirty students looked in her direction.

★ ★ ★

An ATO swears that he went over to the Health Center one day and a freshman walked up to a nurse and said, "I feel so bad it makes me want to kill myself."

"Now, now," muttered the nurse. "You just leave that to us."

★ ★ ★

King Arthur: I hear you have been misbehaving.

Knight of the Round Table: In what manor, sir?

★ ★ ★

A mother was having considerable trouble breaking her young son of sucking his thumb. Finally she threatened, "If you don't quit that, one of these days your stomach will blow up like a big balloon and you'll pop." The lad seemed deeply impressed and soon relinquished the habit.

Soon thereafter, his mother was entertaining her bridge club, and one of the young matrons was expecting in the near future. Throughout the afternoon the little boy stared at her intently, much to her discomfort. Finally he piped: "I'll bet I know what you've been doing!"

★ ★ ★

A robber entered a sorority house with a gun in his hand and commanded everyone to lie down on the floor. One of the victims asked him, "What is this? A robbery or a fraternity dance?"

★ ★ ★

A little lady field mouse was going through the field when she was picked up by a big combine. She was bumped around and shaken up quite a bit before she was finally thrown back into the field. Painfully, the bewildered little mouse dragged herself home. When asked by her mother what had happened to her she said: "Oh, mother, I think I've been reaped!"

How To Begin



The tiger is primarily a vehicle for revealing to the public the talent of the great writers of the future. Being a naturally benevolent organization we feel called upon at this time to undertake the task of educating our readers in the ways of the great artist. This article is, in a fashion, patterned after the Mercer County Telephone Book in that we shall attempt to illuminate the path of success by giving examples of some of the finest writing yet produced in the U. S. Below are a few illustrations of various styles which, if emulated, are sure to lead to literary fame and fortune.

There are only two kinds of crooks, ones that are dead and ones that ought to be dead. But Jack Monisterio is a live one. That's why I'm after him, that's why he'll be dead if I can catch him, because I hate crooks. I was thinking about him in my dingy office when there was a knock. The door opened and she walked in. Her eyes were like smoldering embers, the rest of her like the rest of . . .

Sarah Goodly had always been a lonely girl. Although she was very intelligent she had never attracted men the way her friends had. In the past her straight black hair, horn-rimmed glasses,

A Short Story

braces, and poor complexion had somehow prevented boys from taking a serious interest in her. However, that was all before she met Ron Stirling, the Captain of the Football Team. Sarah had always worshipped Ron from afar, never dreaming that she would have a date with him, on the eve of the Big Prom, she felt as if Heaven itself . . .

Wherever one goes, one always runs into fascinating people. Yet often one neglects the people right near home, who are often the most interesting of all. For years I had known my neighbor Eliah Rump as merely another Vermont farmer, but one day I happened to be wandering through his field in search of some flowers when suddenly I saw in front of me . . .

On, on through the teeming jungle Mitch and Jack plodded, struggling with each step, yet always pushing onward with the knowledge that if they could only reach the coast they would be rich, rich with the jewels and gold of the Inca treasure. Suddenly Jack looked up. There, looming above him, was a giant anaconda, poised for . . .

Tom had been only eight years old when his parents had been scythed down by a drunken driver whose car had leaped off the road and rocketed through them. Now only Sally remained, Sally, the girl whom Tom had known for a scant eight months. He had met her at his roommate's summer house, and since the first meeting the couple had been inseparable. But now all was changing; Tom's mind fought over and over again the realization of the inevitable separation, yet somehow he knew that she no longer loved him. He felt that . . .

"Calling space plane No. 7, calling space plane No. 7," repeated the interconstellar radio system ominously. Rod and Ted listened, toying with the microtropic tubes on their receiver, trying to clear the space of ionic protomessic rays. Somewhere in the outer inner somo-

sphere a dreaded Martian ringer-raider was circling . . .

Hauntingly, Chopin's Fifth wafted from the victrola, enveloping the room in a deep melancholy. In the corner Pierre's unconscious frame sagged mournfully on the small wooden table which delicately supported itself on three crooked legs. The bottle of chianti was almost entirely empty while the one glass . . .

"Why McGraw threw the body into the lake after he had discovered opium in his sister's husband's unused overcoat at last becomes clear to me," said Inspector Ranley as he dragged tediously on his pipe. "However, who possibly could have murdered the cook who was sealed in the broom closet is a mystery to me."

Sam Grommet relaxed happily in his chair. "Elementary," he said. "You see, when Sonia discovered . . ."

John Blakethrocktonsmith walked slowly away from the bar, martini in hand. As he sauntered across the dance floor he reached quickly into his pocket for a cigarette, then flipped open his lighter and lit it. As he sipped his drink he thought about the party which had only just . . .

It's not that I don't like the guys here at school or anything, but I mean they really aren't too goddam sharp, if you know what I mean. Now take this guy Bevring who thinks he's a goddam hotshot or something all because he's captain of the football team, president of the class, summa cum laude, voted most popular, done most for the goddam school and all that. Well, the other day I ran into this phoney . . .

Karen glanced at her nude form in the mirror. She turned slowly, surveying herself from head to foot, undulating before the sensuous image of herself. Not bad, she thought, not bad . . .

— TIGER

Impatient student: "Are you the girl who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes sir."

Student: "Well, I'll be damned . . . you don't look a day older."

★ ★ ★

The Longhorns have returned to the two-platoon system this year — one team to play football, and the other one to attend class.

★ ★ ★

Travelling Salesman: "Can you put me up for the night?"

Farmer: "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."

Travelling Salesman: "Good Lord! I'm in the wrong joke."

★ ★ ★

Noah once said, as the animals were boarding the ark, "Now I herd everything."

★ ★ ★

It was a hot day in Austin. Two children were walking down the street — a 9-year-old girl solicitously leading her younger brother. The little boy had his eyes tightly closed. A passer-by inquired:

"What's the matter? Has he hurt his eyes?"

"Oh, no," the little girl answered. "We do this every Saturday when the sun's so bright. He keeps his eyes closed and I lead him to the movies. Inside, he opens his eyes and finds us both a seat."

★ ★ ★

One strawberry to the other: "If we hadn't been in the same bed together we wouldn't be in this jam now."

★ ★ ★

Two students were discussing a professor. One said to the other, "I hear he's changing his faith."

"You mean to say," asked the other, "that he no longer believes he's God?"

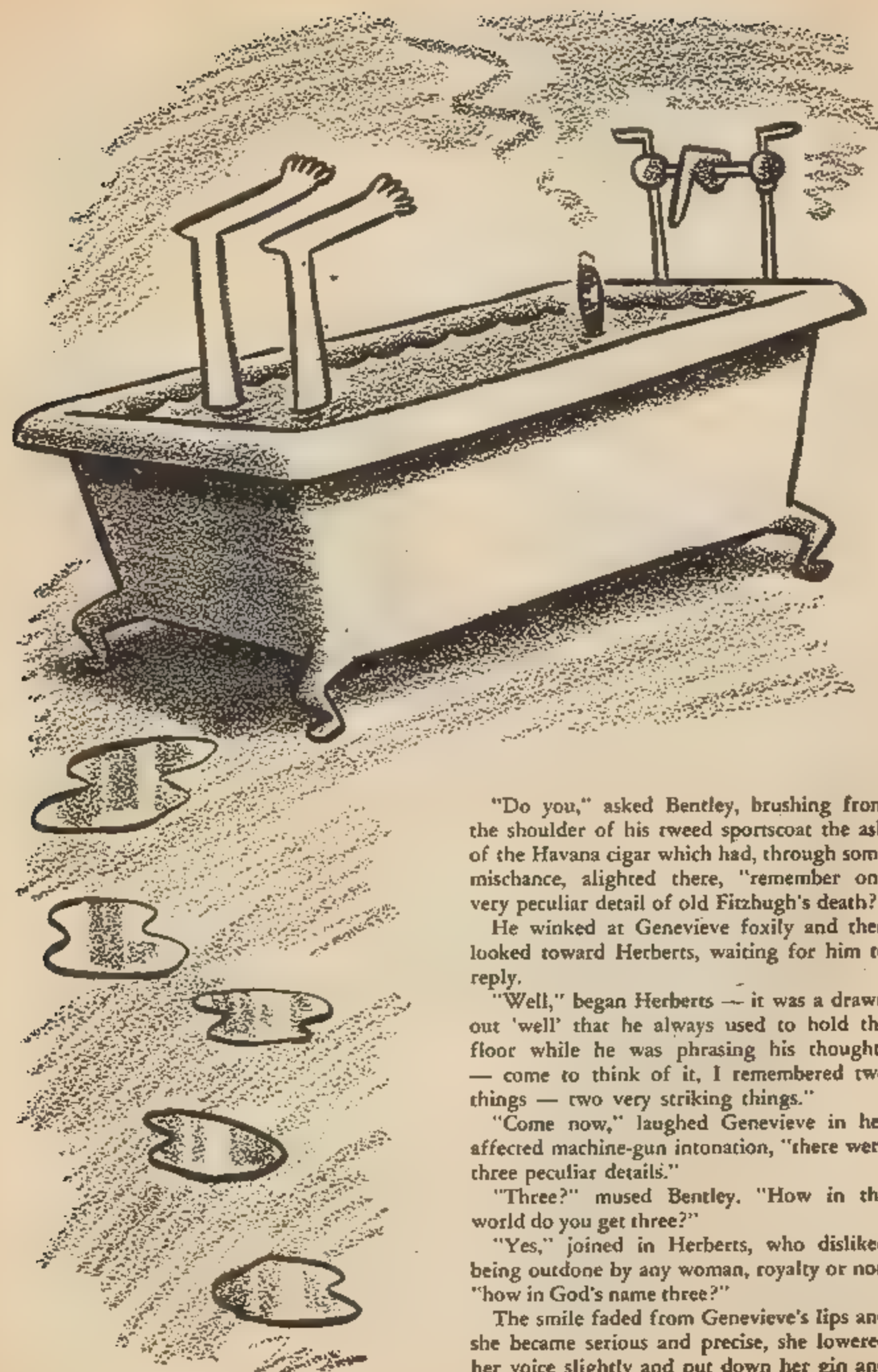
★ ★ ★



"Just how badly do you want an 'E' in this course, Miss Pomroy?"



"... But you'll still get your salary and I'll just see you in the evenings."



"Do you," asked Bentley, brushing from the shoulder of his tweed sportscoat the ash of the Havana cigar which had, through some mischance, alighted there, "remember one very peculiar detail of old Fitzhugh's death?"

He winked at Genevieve foxily and then looked toward Herberts, waiting for him to reply.

"Well," began Herberts — it was a drawn out 'well' that he always used to hold the floor while he was phrasing his thoughts — come to think of it, I remembered two things — two very striking things."

"Come now," laughed Genevieve in her affected machine-gun intonation, "there were three peculiar details."

"Three?" mused Bentley. "How in the world do you get three?"

"Yes," joined in Herberts, who disliked being outdone by any woman, royalty or not, "how in God's name three?"

The smile faded from Genevieve's lips and she became serious and precise, she lowered her voice slightly and put down her gin and French. "I didn't mention any of this to the

Death Takes a Bath

police, you know. They were such bunglers anyway; I'd much prefer to keep my little discoveries to myself."

"Discoveries?" questioned Herberts.

"Yes, like Columbus or Galileo. I made a few discoveries the night of old Fitzhugh's death. Only I didn't have any hypothesis or hunch to begin with. I stumbled on it quite by accident."

"Curious," mumbled Bentley through the end of his cigar.

"And exactly what was the nature of this discovery?" inquired Herberts sourly.

"To be exact, there were two discoveries, first one and then the other."

Herberts bit his lips and nodded intently. "And what was the first?"

"It was the obvious one, probably the one that both you and Bentley also made. The hot water heater was not functioning that night."

"What in God's name does that have to do with it?" demanded Herberts irritably.

"Quite simply that there could have been no hot water that night if the hot water heater was not working."

"That's rather obvious," Bentley broke in, "but irrelevant."

"Bentley, really, I'm ashamed of you! It's the most important detail of the whole case — the detail that would have alerted the police if they hadn't been so pigheaded and blind!"

"Genevieve," Herberts suggested, "why don't you clarify your ideas just a little bit? What in the world does the hot water heater's going on the blink have to do with old Fitzhugh's death?"

"How did he die," asked Genevieve slowly, enunciating each syllable with diabolical clarity.

"Drowned, I suppose," yawned Bentley.

"And where did he drown?"

"In the bathroom."

"Yes, but where in the bathroom?"

"Honestly, Genevieve," Herberts broke in again, "you're being awfully difficult this evening. Why don't you tell us where you think he drowned?"

"In the tub, of course," said Genevieve, "if you're going to take all the fun out of it."

"I don't like guessing games," grumbled Bentley. "They're childish."

"What I mean is," Genevieve clarified, "there's an obvious contradiction here — logically speaking. Old Fitzhugh drowned in the bathtub. The police say it was accidental death. He fell asleep. He had been reading *Finnegan's Wake* — the book was right there on the floor. Or SO THEY CLAIM." She leered magnificently and paused.

"So?" asked Bentley.

"*Finnegan's Wake* was on the floor, they're quite right," stated Herberts; "I don't see any contradiction."

"It's not *Finnegan's Wake* I'm talking about," insisted Genevieve, "it's the hot water. Or rather the lack of it." She took a sip from her gin and French. "Do you really suppose," she asked slowly, posing the question carefully and scientifically, "that old Fitzhugh would really have gotten into a tub with James Joyce on a cold winter's night, fallen asleep over the book, and drowned there WHEN THE WATER WAS ICE COLD?"

Both men uttered "Ah!" simultaneously and leaned back in their chairs, appreciating her logic.

"In other words," Bentley began.

"Exactly," smiled Genevieve. "Fitzhugh did not step into that tub of his own free will. HE WAS PUT THERE."

"Yes, but by whom?" asked Herberts.

"Now, don't jump at conclusions before I have finished," Genevieve cautioned them. "We can be fairly certain that he was put

there, but by whom or by WHAT we cannot be sure." She emphasized the 'what.'

"By 'WHAT'?" said Herberts.

"That is precisely what I said. It's too early a stage of the game to rule out the possibility that it was a what, and not a who, that committed the murder. For I'm quite sure it was murder."

"Ah," said Bentley. "And what was the second discovery?"

"An even more interesting one." She took another sip from her martini. "There was water on the floor by the tub — a small pool, and then a trail of water leading to the door."

"The police did notice that," Bentley reminded her.

"Yes, but did they understand it? Obviously not. They didn't even mention it at the inquest. When I saw it, I thought to myself, 'Obviously you don't find a trail of water by the side of the tub unless SOMEONE HAS JUST GOTTEN OUT OF THE TUB DRIPPING WET.' And obviously it couldn't have been old Fitzhugh — he was dead — therefore it's quite clear that SOMEONE WAS IN THAT TUB WITH OLD FITZHUGH."

"Now wait a minute," said Herberts, after recovering from his amazement at the daring hypothesis, "it's a lovely idea — but — BUT — couldn't old Fitzhugh himself have gotten out of the tub to go for something in the other room?"

"No," Genevieve denied flatly. "Then there would have been two trails of water — one going, one coming. And besides, once old Fitzhugh got out of an ice cold bath, he would certainly not come back to it."

"You're right," agreed Bentley. "Quite right."

"And so, on these two bits of evidence, I developed my hunch."

"Your hunch" echoed the two men simultaneously.

"My hunch. Which is to say, if there was water by the tub, someone must have been in it besides old Fitzhugh. If someone besides old Fitzhugh were in the tub, that someone had a motive for being there. And that motive was THAT SOMEONE GOT INTO THE TUB BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD GET OLD FITZHUGH IN. In other words, FITZHUGH WAS PULLED INTO THE TUB — NOT PUSHED."

"Ah, we are getting somewhere!" chuckled Bentley.

"And there you have the two obvious discoveries," continued Genevieve, "undoubtedly the same ones you were talking about. The third strange detail, and the deduction I draw from it, involved a little bit of reasoning. But I think you'll be able to follow me."

Bentley took his cigar from his mouth, and Herberts folded his arms; they waited silently.

"As you remember, old Fitzhugh's room was locked and bolted from the inside — both the door and the windows were sealed tight. Now that's not a surprising fact if you consider that old Fitzhugh died accidentally, but it is if you realize that he was murdered, for it means —"

"That the murderer was in the room with him all the time!" exclaimed Bentley.

"Not only that, but he must have been in the room when the police broke down the door!" exclaimed Herberts in his turn.

Genevieve smiled indulgently. "Not only must have been, but was. Now just look at the facts: The murderer had to get into the tub and pull old Fitzhugh in. Doesn't that imply some sort of physical peculiarity?"

"Indeed —" assented Herberts. "A normal person could have just pushed him in and then held him under."

"My point," continued Genevieve, "is that the murderer could not hold him under from outside the tub, but rather HAD TO SIT ON TOP OF HIM."

Bentley's eyes were gleaming with curiosity. "Astounding!" he marveled. "Incredible!"

"Now I ask you," Genevieve asked them, "who else was in the room when the police broke down the door? Who else that would have needed to sit on his victim in order to drown him? Who else that old Fitzhugh would have locked himself in with?"

Bentley thought. "I can't think of a soul."

"Nor I," mumbled Herberts.

"Or perhaps I should say," said Genevieve, "WHAT else."

Herberts jumped out of his seat. "The dog!" he cried. "Charlie, the collie!"

"Exactly," smiled Genevieve, downing the remainder of her gin and French and shooting an animated glance at the gentlemen; "there you have the murderer."

But Herberts was too quick for her. "Ah. Genevieve, it's a brilliant piece of logic, but

there are only two flaws."

"What are they?" snarled Genevieve, daring him.

"First of all, the motive. Why did he do it?"

"Because old Fitzhugh treated him badly."

"It's a possibility. But the second flaw you won't be able to wrangle out of: surely old Fitzhugh knew that there was no hot water; he wouldn't have even tried to take a bath. So, I ask you, WHO TURNED THE WATER ON, FILLED THE TUB, AND THEN TURNED IT OFF?"

Genevieve shrank back into her seat and cast about for a new martini. "I — I didn't think of that," she stuttered; "Charlie couldn't have done it, could he. Well then — who do you think did it?"

"First of all," began Herberts, "the two very striking things I noticed weren't at all the ones that caught your attention."

"Well, my theory is a good one, you must admit — if it weren't for the one flaw."

"Rather clever, yes. But cleverness is one thing, and accuracy another. I wouldn't go so hard on the police as you did, Genevieve — I think that old Fitzhugh's death was accidental. Really and truly I do."

"Accidental?" said Genevieve sceptically.

"Well look here —" Herberts leaned toward her and took on an explanatory tone. "It was either suicide or accidental, right?"

"Yes, if you rule out murder."

"Well you have to rule out murder. He was locked in the room alone, and we know the dog didn't do it. Now the two things I noticed that surprised me were first, that there was no suicide note."

"Why should that surprise you?" asked Genevieve, perplexed.

"At first I thought it was suicide, you see."

"Well it still could have been — may be he forgot to leave a note."

"I doubt it. You see, the other thing I noticed was, THAT THE BED CLOTHES WERE TURNED DOWN."

"What does that matter?"

"It means obviously that HE WAS INTENDING TO RETURN FROM THE TUB AND GET INTO BED."

"I suppose it does. Unless the murderer just wanted it to look that way."

"But there was no murderer. The police established that."

"They overlooked half the evidence. The puddles, the cold water for instance."

"I'm interested," said Bentley, "to know,

Herberts, exactly how you fit the puddles and the cold water into your theory of accidental death? Did old Fitzhugh return to the ice cold tub? Did he get into it knowing it was ice cold in the first place?"

Herberts sank into his seat and Genevieve stifled a triumphant laugh.

"Yes, how do you fit them in?" she

"Yes, how do you fit them in?" she echoed. "They do seem to clash a little bit with the rest of your theory."

"I suppose I simply don't fit them in. They're simply the flaws in my hypothesis, like that business of who ran the bath in yours."

"So," sighed Genevieve, "we seem to have reached an impasse." She took a deep breath and glanced at Bentley. "Do tell us, Bentley, what was the peculiar detail that you noticed? Perhaps that will clear things up."

"I expect so," grinned Bentley confidently. He slouched back in his chair and blew out a thick cloud of Havana smoke. "What would you say, Herberts, if I told you that old Fitzhugh did turn down the bedclothes?"

"That you were absolutely right."

"And that he had no intention of committing suicide?"

"That you were right again."

"And that there were two murderers, one who drew the bath and left the room, and the other, especially trained, who remained in the room after the victim had sealed himself in and carried out the crime much in the manner —" He winked at Genevieve. " — Described by you, my dear?"

"That you were probably not right," stated Herberts.

"Ah, but I am quite, quite right. The one detail which none of you, neither the police nor yourselves, noticed, was that it was not old Fitzhugh in the tub at all — but rather old Bentley." He broke into cackles of laughter. "You see, I planned to murder old Bentley ever since he started complaining about my Havana cigars. All I needed was an accomplice. That was why I trained Charlie." He took a puff on his cigar. "Unfortunately, I had to have him put away. Charlie was a very intelligent dog, but he knew too much." He smiled first at Herberts, and then at Genevieve. "Well?"

Genevieve's eyes for the first time pierced the disguise of the red wig and false mustache, and she beamed, extending her hand: "Absolutely ingenious, Fitzhugh. Remarkable."

Lampoon — ESS

The newlywed filed his income tax return and in the blank "Exemptions claimed for children" wrote: "Watch this space!"

★ ★ ★

Extract from an essay question on an exam in Economics: "In 1930 the great depression was awful. To make things worse it came at a time when many people were out of work."

★ ★ ★

A University of Virginia mathematics professor was amazed when he arrived at a neighboring women's college to lecture on "Convex Sets and Inequalities" to find the auditorium packed. A glance at the campus newspaper gave him the answer. His subject was headlined as "Convicts, Sex, and Inequalities."

★ ★ ★

First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

★ ★ ★

An Aggie wearing an enormous flashing gem was asked by an awestruck friend: "Is that diamond genuine?"

"If it ain't, the Aggie drawled, "I sure been beat out of a dollar and a half."

BARNEY KINKADE

Waitress, looking at a nickel tip: What are you trying to do, big boy, seduce me?

★ ★ ★

Exasperated by the inability of the chorus to sing the new song, the director exploded in a tirade in which he impunged not only their intelligence, but also their appearance. One beauty left the theater and reappeared at rehearsal with a medical certification of her inability to sing.

Director snorted. "It's

no

★

juicy. You'll lose my

"But it's a secret?"
"Oh, well, baby?"
"Of course."

★

"Let's organize a fraternity."

"Why?"

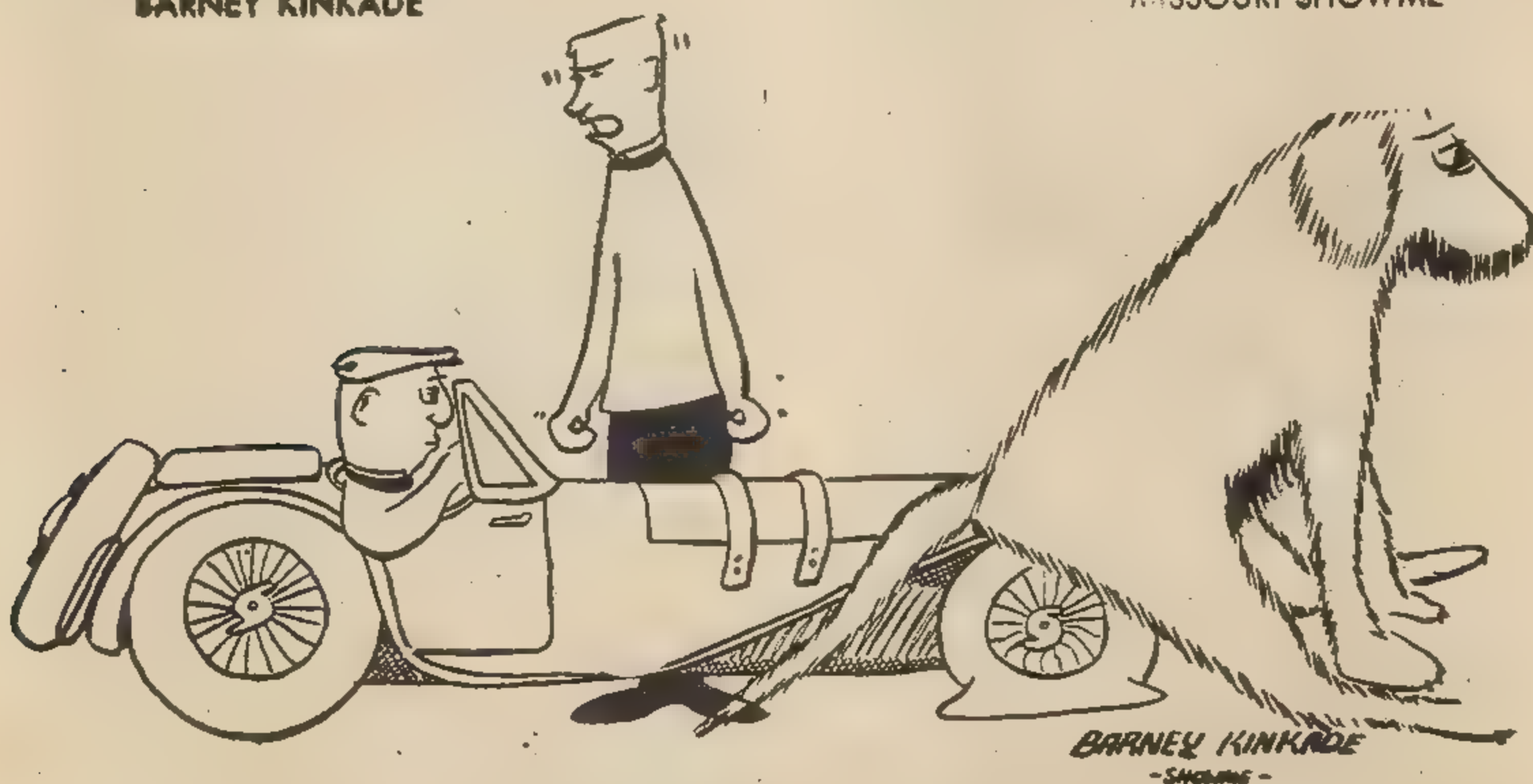
"I've just discovered a new grip."

★ ★ ★

Zeta (indignantly): "There are lots of couples who don't make love in parked cars."

Kappa Sig: "Yeah, the woods are full of them."

MISSOURI SHOWME



BARNEY KINKADE
-SHOWME-

"You trying to run over my dog, Buddy?"

ANGELA



Angela stood at the window on the first floor waiting for her date to come into sight. She was very subtle there in the corner, her right hand holding a corner of the curtain while her left removed the wad of lint from her navel. Angela knitted a lot.

When Clark Boothal-Gransnill pulled up before the house Angela ran upstairs not to be ready on time for he was only fifteen minutes late. Upstairs, others were busying themselves also not being ready. A calculating redhead was looking up the Dunn and Bradstreet on her date, two ugly things were combing their newly curled rats in the dampness of a steamy bathroom, and a pretty blonde who usually wore glasses was all dressed up without them, bumping into walls.

The ground crew had rolled the week-day tarpaulin off the living room floor during the afternoon, and two date-less, bust-less, rear-less sophomores were puffing up the couch pillows for the next male shift. Clark Boothal-Gransnill ambled gaumlessly thru the dimly-lighted foyer, passed up the challenging spittoon, alighted in the living room which had just lost its lived-in-ness. He announced himself to one of the sophomores, who let out with a comprehending "Oh, yes!" and took the stairs, three-at-a-time, with a heavy tail wind, to tell Angela. The latter, having remarked at the white walls on Clark's '43 Plymouth, slinked down the flight, stopped halfway for an insipid "Hi," and, arms extended slightly at the elbows, arrived at Clark. She smiled, and some acid dropped from the corners of her mouth, burning a hole in his shoe. As he helped her on with her coat, the odor of stolen toilet water began to invade his nostrils when he exhaled. He held his breath until he had closed the door behind them.

* *

Outside the door of the house many couples were coupling in the moonlight. Clark and Angela had left the party because they had had too much ennui.

Angela thanked Clark very, very much for such a wonderful, wonderful evening. Angela and Clark never saw one another again. Angela walked upstairs and chalked up another free dinner, free party, and free corsage.

Clark drove off a cliff.

— Purple Cow

A prominent Bishop came to see one of the campus beauty reviews. Sitting in the audience watching the review, a spectator seated next to him turned to the Bishop as the contestants came on the stage in their low-cut formals.

"Sir, have you ever seen anything like this before?" asked the spectator.

"Never," replied the Bishop. "At least not since I was weaned."

★ ★ ★

The police chief in a small west Texas town confiscated some counterfeit bills and wired the FBI in Washington to ask what to do with them. He was told to send the bills there at once. Several weeks passed and the bills didn't arrive. The FBI wired him inquiring about the money. The chief studied the wire and then sent a wire in return: **BILLS SHOULD BE THERE. SENT THEM BY MONEY ORDER FOUR WEEKS AGO.**

★ ★ ★

CHILDS



YALE RECORD

Sleep is when you don't get enough the night before, you wake up half.

★ ★ ★

Coach: What's his name.

Mgr.: Zszychiplichysztueri.

Coach: Good. Put him on the team. I never did like the announcing on KTBC.

— TEXAS RANGER

★ ★ ★

Summary of the difference between lovers and husbands: day and night.

★ ★ ★

If she's good for nothing.
She'll be bad for nothing.

★ ★ ★

"No, no, Roger, Tchaikovsky is the one with the crack in it."

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think it's a minuet from Mignon," said one.

"I thought it was a waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was a board announcing the numbers.

We're both wrong," she said upon her return, "it's a refrain from Spitting."

★ ★ ★

The class in first aid was divided on deciding what garment of clothing should be removed last when a boat capsized. Finally the question was resolved when a coed stood and asserted positively, "The blouse, 'cause air gets under it and acts like a bouy."

★ ★ ★

A coed, absent unexcused overnight from her dormitory, called the housemother early the next morning.

"Don't pay the ransom. Miss Somers, I escaped."

★ ★ ★

Sign on Ku Klux Klan office: Back at one. Out to lynch.

★ ★ ★

Let's sit in the parlor.

No, I'm too tired. Let's play tennis.

★ ★ ★

A long skirt is like prohibition, the joints are still there but they're harder to find.

★ ★ ★

A popular bachelor decided to reform. The first day he cut out cigarettes. The second day he cut out liquor. The third day he cut out women. The fourth day he cut out paper dolls.

★ ★ ★

"This check is doubtlessly all right, miss," said the cashier politely, "but have you anything about you by which you could be identified?"

The pretty young coed blushed: "I have a mole on my right shoulder."

And then there's the college boy, who dubbed his Jag the "Mayflower" because so many Puritans had come across in it.

★ ★ ★

Rich man: One who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

Conscience: The still, small voice that makes one feel still smaller.

Monsieur: The difference between Made-moiselle and Madame.

★ ★ ★

The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because the average male can see better than he can think.

★ ★ ★

Champagne: A drink that tastes like your foot when it has gone to sleep.



"But, Martha — You said I could have a pet!"

The Dirty Window



"And that awful governess, Tanya Vasilyevna!" laughed Harriet Montserrat; "I'll never forget the day she disappeared!" Johnson Montserrat, who disliked his sister's childhood reminiscences, averted his eyes from hers and studied the sweep second-hand on his watch; "What ever do you suppose happened to that horrid old woman?" Harriet continued gaily. "She left without so much as a single good-bye or do svidania —"

"Need we discuss it, Harriet?" Johnson uncrossed his legs; "It seems that every time I see you, you've nothing to talk about but that governess."

"But she fascinates me," Harriet explained cheerfully. "When I think of the way she used to lock us in the closet, and starve us every time Mummy and Daddy went away, I just tingle!"

"You just tingle," Johnson repeated sneeringly. "And I suppose when you recollect how she would threaten to murder us if we didn't learn our French —?"

"Ah mais oui!" Harriet interrupted, closing her eyes, the better to recapture the experience; "It was absolutely traumatic!" She clasped her hands. "And then —" she opened her eyes and went on in a more sober voice; "that Tuesday afternoon, when Mummy and Daddy brought me back from Piping Rock, and you were playing Making Whoopee on the piano; and Tanya Vasilyevna wasn't there screaming at you, telling you to stop . . ."

"She had gone," said Johnson, trying to cut her short.

"But where? Where had she gone, without taking any luggage or pay? She didn't even ask Mummy for a letter of reference, and you know how Mummy just adored her. And I cried for a wee; 'Poor Tanya Vasilyevna,' I used to say, please come home.' And I used to write her letters. En Francais. How I missed her! And Mummy used to say what a pity it was she had gone: she was a real grande dame, one of the last vieux riches Russians."

Johnson put his watch back in his vest.

pocket. "She was nothing of the sort," he growled. "She was Lithuanian, and hardly a dame, grande or petite."

"You never enjoyed her anyway," Harriet sulked; "but you needn't disparage her now that she's gone."

"Now that she's dead," Johnson corrected.

Harriet dropped her handkerchief in surprise: "How do you know she's dead?"

Johnson smiled tantalizingly and tapped his foot.

"I demand to know!" Harriet insisted furiously.

"You were such a masochist," Johnson smiled, "you almost enjoyed being tortured by her. But I — I wasn't going to stand for it. And I didn't."

"What did you do to her?" gasped Harriet apprehensively.

"I'm going to tell you once and for all what became of Tanya Vasilyevna and I hope you'll shut up about her," Johnson declared flatly and rudely. He then leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and seemed momentarily to be dozing. Harriet held her breath, and her face was rapidly turning scarlet.

"There was a mirror in the attic, a plain old wood-framed affair, hung on the north wall," Johnson began, as all master-story-tellers do, with a seemingly irrelevant detail. "It was a bit dirty, and some of the silver had faded off the back; but it seemed quite good enough to reflect things."

"And what about Tanya Vasilyevna?" Harriet had no patience for the fine craftsmanship of her brother's tale-telling.

"I had gone up there to hide from her; she came up the stairs after me. I was hiding behind Mummy's old hope chest, and I could see the stairway in the mirror. And I could hear Tanya Vasilyevna, calling me: 'Viens ici, mon petit!' But I stayed well hidden." He changed his position and his tone of voice. "Do you remember how dirty Tanya Vasilyevna would be every morning?"

"Oh, yes," Harriet remembered, "she used to take mud-baths every morning before breakfast. But tell me what happened in the attic!"

"And the anemia," Johnson rambled on; "so many children in Laurel Hollow and Oyster Bay died of anemia that summer."

"Twenty-three." Harriet had a good memory for figures.

"And that was the summer that Daddy gave Mummy the silver cheese-slicer from

Tiffany's."

"Oh, yes," said Harriet sadly; "and Mummy said that Tanya Vasilyevna must have stolen it when she left."

"She didn't steal it," said Johnson cryptically; "It's in the hope chest. With Tanya Vasilyevna," he added.

Harriet stared aghast; "What in the world has she been doing all these years in Mummy's hope chest with the cheese slicer?"

Johnson paid no attention to her interruptions; "I was hiding behind the chest, the cheese slicer in my hand, watching in the mirror for her. That afternoon, after you and Mummy and Daddy had gone to watch the tennis at the club, I had caught Tanya Vasilyevna napping in her bathtub."

"Her tub?"

"Her tub was full of mud, and she had immersed herself in it. When she awoke, and saw me watching her, she was furious at me."

"She was probably sensitive about her mud baths."

"And she chased me through the house. I took the cheese slicer from the dining room, and ran up to the attic. And I waited for Tanya Vasilyevna to come. I knew she wanted to murder me."

"How did you know?"

"I knew," Johnson insisted mysteriously. "And I waited behind the chest, watching the mirror for the slightest movement on the stairs. Finally I heard her calling me, and I realized that she was on the other side of the stairs?"

Johnson nodded in the negative. "Because, you see — Tanya Vasilyevna hadn't cast any reflection in the mirror."

"How odd," mused Harriet.

"Like all other vampires, she had no reflection."

"Vampire!" shrieked Harriet; "Tanya Vasilyevna was a — ?"

Johnson nodded quietly in the affirmative; "And so I plunged the silver cheese-slicer into her heart and left her in the chest. And —" He crushed out his cigarette and placed his feet on the floor; "that's what became of Tanya Vasilyevna."

Harriet blinked dazedly; "I would never have known," she admitted. "And it was that mirror that gave her away?"

Again Johnson nodded affirmative.

"Strange," said Harriet; "I never saw a mirror there. Only a window."

Lampoon — ESS

Poets Cornered ...

THE JAZZ AGE

Speakeasys in shady sectors,
Charleston, Jazz and hootch inspectors,
Ivy leaguers, scandal, sin,
People drinking bathtub gin,
Scions' money, all you ask,
Yellow roadster, pocket flash,
Yachts upon the Hudson tacking,
Women with their morals lacking,
Parties, fun, alas alack,
When the hell's it coming back?

★ ★ ★

THE STUDENT'S LAMENT

As I perchanced in Nuevo Laredo,
As I perchanced in Laredo one day,
I tripped o'er a student all wrapped in grey
linen,
Wrapped in grey linen as cold as the Bay.

"I see by your shot eyes that you're also a
student,"
These words he spat out as I happenstanced
by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my
sad story,
Shot in the guts, and I'm sweatin' today."

It was once in old Austin I used to go smash-
ing,
While the sun shined, well, I made me some
hay,
First down to Dirty's and then the Health
Center.
Hay fever? I *knew* I'd done wrong!

"O, beat the wife slowly, and play hi-fi
lowly,
Sing 'Que Sera' as they carry me along
Put pictures of Gina all over my coffin,
Gina to liven the colds as they fall."

As I perchanced in Nuevo Laredo,
As I perchanced in Laredo one day,
I tripped o'er a student all wrapped in grey
linen —
Now he's cramming for Finals for the great
Judgment Day.

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more —
Did it last night 'till my back was sore.
Fifteen cents is now my price —
I'll do it good and I'll do it nice.
Shoeshine, Mister?

★ ★ ★

THE WOLF, OR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

Wolf went out on a chilly night,
Prayed for the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to drive that night,
Afore he reached the town-o,

Chorus: town-o,
town-o,

He'd many a mile to drive that night,
Afore he reached the town-o.

He drove till he came to a house of sin,
Where the drinks and the dames were kept
there-in,
"A couple of you will drink my gin,
Afore I leave this town-o."

He grabbed a big blonde 'round the neck,
Threwed this dame across his back,
He didn't mind her yak-yak-yak,
And her slim legs dangling down-o.

Then old Madam Flipper-Flopper hopped
out of bed.
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying, "Ralph, Ralph, the big blonde is
gone,
And the wolf is on the town-o."

Then Ralph, he went to the top of the hill,
(The one they call Mount Bonn-ell),
The wolf, he said, "Better flee with my Jill,
Or they'll soon be on my trail-o."

He drove right back to the frat-house den,
There were the pledges eight, nine, ten,
They said, "Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o."

Ranger — Jon Bracher

• • • • •
A tricky girl, I'll tell the world,
Is little Minnie Marters,
An inviting smile on rosy lips
But mousetraps on her garters.

★ ★ ★

HELENA

Helena was a movie star.
Of this there was no doubt.
A debutante, she rocked 'em till
Their tongues were hanging out.
She had that kind of sizzling class
That makes a eunuch shout.

Her dad had been a sewer sweep —
An ordinary slob.
Who worked like hell until with swells
He could at last hobnob.
In fact, some went so far to say
Helena was a snob.

And then one day Helena's fans
Went nearly nuts with joy.
Helena was engaged — he was
No ordinary boy,
But one whose blood was royal blue:
The Prince of West Savoy.

She had to give the Prince an heir,
Or West Savoy would rue her.
Their hopes and dreams all rested in
This maiden from the sewer.
Helena promised them she was
No talker but a doer.

But months went by, and still no heir
Arrived to make bells chime.
And then Helena left her Prince
And came home, saying, "I'm
An actress, not a body," She
Said no more at the time.

Helena's now a movie star.
Of this there is no doubt.
A princess once, she rocks 'em till
Their tongues are hanging out.
You'd never guess she once was called
The West Savoyan drought. — JCMB
Lampoon

THAT DANG NIGH INCREDIBLE KISS

In a bar down on East Sixth Street
On an evenin' such as this,
While a little bit tight, I was stunned by
the sight
Of a dang nigh incredible kiss.

My pal and I had wandered down
For a Saturday evenin' beer,
And we'd sidled around to the east part
of town
In the hope an adventure'd appear,

And here was this feller up close to the bar
With a cigarette stuck in his ear,
And his pants was ragged and his teeth
was jagged
And his face twisted up in a leer.

Now about that time this girl walked in,
And Lord! Believe you me:
I have drunk up some gin, and indulged
some in sin;
But I've never seen such as she!

Her skin was like somethin' you see in a
dream
Floating past you all lightly and sheer,
And with eyes deep and blue, and, I swear
this is true:
Her hair was like ringlets of beer!

And she walked with a carriage sublime to
behold,
And she stopped without falter or fear,
And she planted a buss on that odorous cuss,
Who was sitting alone with his leer.

Then lightnin' and thunder both crackled
the air,
And I thought he was havin' a fit:
Cause as sure as I'm here, and I'm drinkin'
your beer,
That "fag" in his ear glowed and lit.

Now some say with awe that the smoke,
it was red,
And some say twas pres'digitation,
But whichever the case, from the look on
his face,
He enjoyed that unique osculation.
Ranger — Vern F. Martin

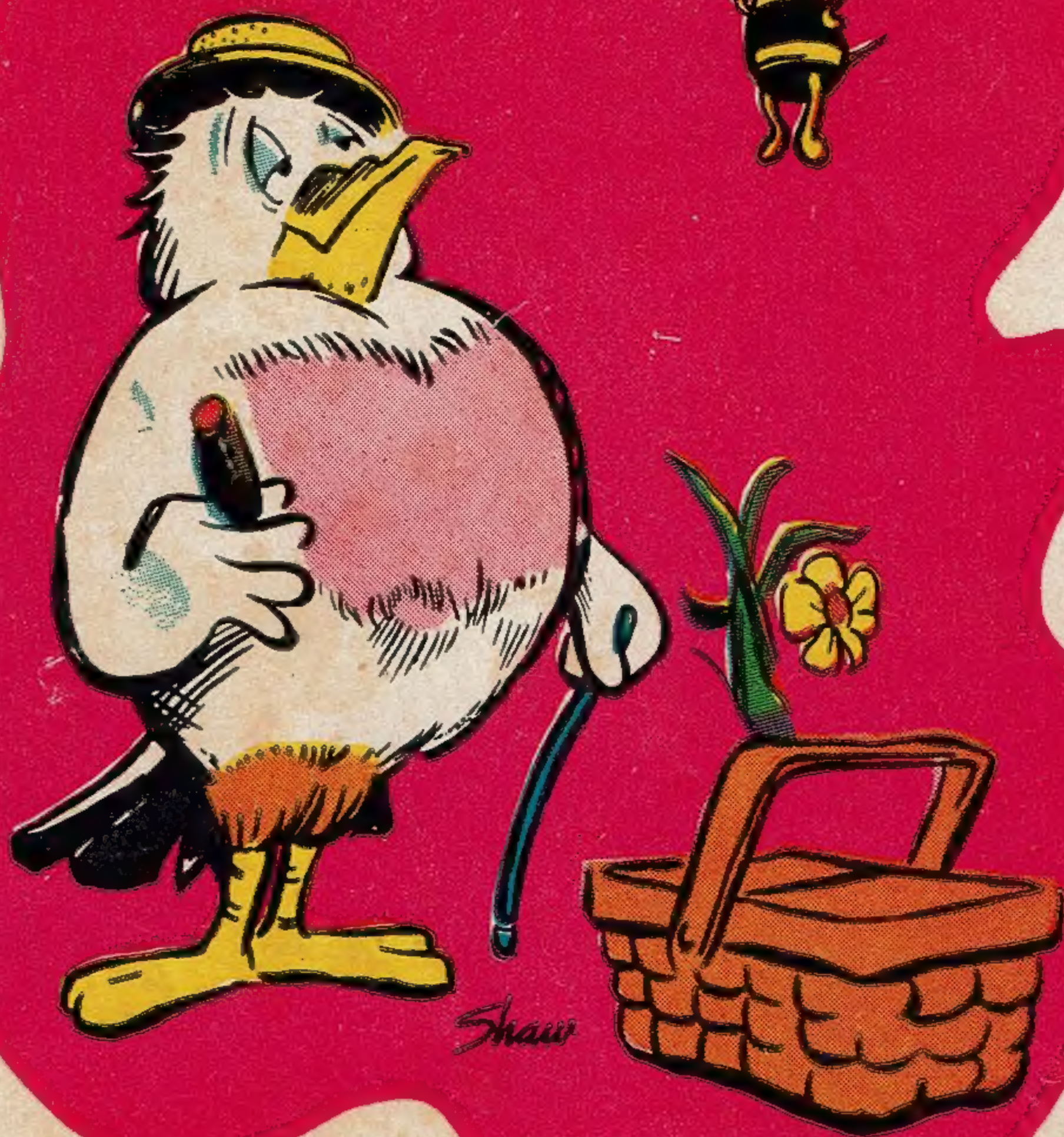


"— two cups of flour — stir in two eggs and add a pinch of cynide!"



"Now then . . . Isn't this better than Niagara Falls?"

MISSOURI SHOWME



"It's out of the question; the expression is merely a figure of speech!"

YALE RECORD

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE TEEN TITANS

titanslan scan



Teen Titans copyright of DC Comics